

THE GOLDEN BOOKS OF ENGLISH VERSE

*A Graduated Course for
Class Study*

BOOK III



ARRANGED BY
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NOTE

The Golden Books of English Verse will be three in number, of which the present volume forms Book III. Book II has already been issued, and Book I, consisting of more elementary poems, is in preparation. The three books will then form a graduated course of English Verse, each book containing an apparatus of teaching similar to that provided in the present work.

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PREFACE

The chief feature of the series is the apparatus for teaching contained at the foot of each poem. The first essential of a proper appreciation of poetry is surely that the reader should understand the face value of the words of the poem he reads. Twenty years of examining has taught me that in no respect is the teaching of English more deficient than in this. No matter how carefully the teacher may think he explains the apparently simplest passage, misconceptions are almost bound to arise, resulting in the inevitable howler.

The ordinary test for the understanding of poetry is paraphrase. But there are certain inherent difficulties in paraphrase which make many teachers shun it altogether. In the first place, it tends to foster halting and unidiomatic expression, and to instil into the pupil the idea that the mere changing of one word for another is sufficient to make the meaning of a passage clear. Accurate paraphrase is by no means possible, and many a teacher finds questions on paraphrase more easy to ask than to answer. Generally speaking, a straightforward question *ad hoc*, even with a "yes" or "no" answer, is the surest test. Oftentimes the difficulty is one of pure grammar, and then the best form of the question is the grammatical one. In the present series this method has for various reasons been adopted only to a very slight extent, and the grammatical knowledge assumed is of the most elementary character.

The poems included are almost without exception of

acknowledged literary merit and worthy of intensive study. Ballad, poetry, poetry of incident, and even humorous poetry should have their proper place in the English curriculum, and a certain number of such poems have been included, but poetry committed to memory by the young is, as the Greeks said, "a possession for ever", and should be only of the highest order. English poetry is too rich in the best for the second best to satisfy us. No greater mistake can be made than that of too great eagerness on the part of the teacher to come down to the supposed level of the class. Some of the finest poems in our language can be *understood*, after sympathetic explanation, by even quite young pupils, who, so far from being repelled by difficulties, are actually attracted by them. But the difficulties must be sympathetically explained.

Some of the questions asked may appear too difficult. The questions, however, will for the most part be answered *after* the explanation of the poem by the teacher. Occasionally the poems may be set as unseens, and the questions asked *before* a general explanation. In that case the difficult questions can be omitted or they alone can be explained.

Doubtless all experienced teachers could frame questions similar to those asked. Such teachers would not feel in any way confined to any apparatus of teaching supplied. It is not so much the ability as the time that is required, and the advantages of printed questions that can be answered in writing at home or in school should be obvious. The questions are, it is hoped, a sieve through which each pupil's knowledge is passed, and no pupil who has answered them correctly can fail to have understood the primary meaning of the words of the poem. That true appraising which we call literary appreciation may come later, it may be after many years.

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Lines from the Prologue to Chaucer's
Canterbury Tales

THE PILGRIMS

Whan that Aprille with his schowrës swootë
The drougt of Marche hath perced to the rootë,
And bathed every veyne in swich licoür,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;—
And smale fowles maken melodie, 5
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in here coràges:—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimàges,
And specially, from every schirës endë
Of Engeland, to Caunterbury the wende, 10
The holy blisful martir for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

schowrës swootë, sweet showers. *of which vertue*, from which power. *engendred*, born. *priketh hem nature*, nature spurs them on. Note that *hem* corresponds with *he*, *him*, (*h*)*it*, and becomes *'em* in Modern English, which is not short for *them*. *coràges*, hearts. *to gon*, to go. Note the -n of the infinitive. *every schirës endë*, the end of every shire. Note the origin of the apostrophe in Modern English. *holpen*, helped. Originally a strong verb. *were seeke*, were sick.

1. Explain: *drougt*, *bathed every veyne*, *licoür*, *flour*, *martir*. Give the modern spellings.

Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage 15
 To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
 At night was come into that hostelrye
 Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
 Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle
 In felaweschipe, and pilgrymys were thei alle, 20
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
 And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
 That I was of here felaweschipe anon.
 Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun, 25
 To telle yow alle the condicioun
 Of eche of hem, so as it semede me,
 And whiche they weren, and of what degré;
 And eek in what array that they were inne:
 And at a knight than wol I first bygynné. 30

Byfel, it happened. *Tabard*, the sign of an inn. A tabard was a herald's coat. *aventure*, chance. *i-falle*, fallen. The *i-* was prefixed to the participle, cf. *y-clept* = called. *me thinketh*, it seems to me. *wol I*, will I, cf. *won't* = wolle not.

2. Explain: *hostelrye*, *felaweschipe*, *wolden ryde*.
3. What verb is omitted in *the sonne was to reste*?
4. Explain: *everychon*, *anon*, *of what degré*, *eek*, *array*.

THE KNIGHT

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That from the tymē that he first bigan
 To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
 Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre, 35
 And therto hadde he riden, noman ferrē,
 As wel in Christendom as in hethenessē,
 And evere honoured for his worthinessē.

And though that he was worthy he was wys,
 And of his port aȝ meke as is a mayde. 40
 He never yit no vileinye ne sayde
 In all his lyf, unto no maner wight.
 He was a verray perfyt gentil knight.
 But for to telle you of his aray,
 His hors was good, but he ne was nougt gay. 45
 Of fustyan he wered a gepoun
 Al bysmotered with his habergeoun,
 For he was late ycome from his viage,
 And wenté for to doon his pilgrimage.

worthy, brave. *chyvalrye*, knighthood. *ferre*, further. *hethenessè*, heathen lands. *port*, behaviour, how he carried himself. *vileinye*, anything unbecoming a gentleman. *no maner wight*, no kind of person. *wered*, wore. *gepoun*, short cassock. *bysmotered*, smutted. *habergeoun*, small hauberk, or coat of mail. *ycome*, come; *y-* or *ge* was often prefixed to participles, cf. *i-falle*, line 19.

5. Explain: *lordes werre*, *Christendom*, *worthinessè*.
6. What peculiarity do you notice in lines 41, 45?
7. What unusual change has come over the word *wered*?
8. Explain: *fustyan*, *viage*.

THE SQUIRE

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer, 50
 A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor,
 With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.
 Of twenty yeer he was of age I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthè,
 And wonderly delyver, and gret of strengthè. 55
 Embrowded was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of fressshè floures, white and reede.
 Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;
 He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.

crulle, curled. *delyver*, quick, nimble. *floytynge*, playing on the flute.

9. Give Modern English forms of: *bachelor*, *gesse*, *wonderly*, *embrowded*, *mede*.

Schort was his gowne, with sleeves longe and wyde 60
 Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
 He cowde songes make and wel endite,
 Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.
 So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
 He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale. 65
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,
 And carf byforn his fader at the table.

juste, joust in the tournament *purtreye*, draw. *nightertale*, night-time. *carf*, carved

10. Give Modern English forms of: *faire*, *justie*, *purtreye*, *curteys*.

THE PRIORESS

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressse,
 That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;
 Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynte Loy; 70
 And sche was cleped madame Englentyne.
 Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
 Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
 And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe, 75
 For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
 At metè wel i-taught was sche withallé;
 Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
 Ne wette hire fynghres in hire sauce deepé.
 Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe, 80
 That no drope ne fil upon hire brest.
 In curtesie was set ful moche hire lest.
 Hire overlippé wypéd sche so clene,
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
 Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughté. 85
 Ful semely after hire mete sche raughté.
 And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
 And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,
 And peynéd hire to counterfete cheere
 Of court, and ben estatlich of manère. 90

Ful semely hire wympe! i-pynchèd was;
 Hire nose tretys; hire eyen greye as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed,
 But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.

Loy, probably Louis. *cleped*, called. *Stratford* in London, i.e. debased Anglo-Norman. *withalle*, moreover. *lest*, pleasure, delight, cf. the wind bloweth where it listeth. *ferthing*, small part, literally a fourth. *raughte*, reached. *disport*, diversion. *peyned hire* (reflex), took trouble. *wympe!*, covering for neck. *tretys*, long and shapely.

11. What peculiarity do you notice in *ne was but, no dropé ne fil*?

12. Give Modern English and meaning of. *servise dwyne*, *semely*, *scole*, *meté*, *sauce*, *sikerly*, *amyable*, *cheere of court*, *ben estatlich*.

THE MONK

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie, 95
 An out-rydere, that loved venerye;
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Full many a deynté hors hadde he in stable:
 And whan he rood, men might his bridel heere
 Gynglyng in a whistlyng wynd as cleere, 100
 And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
 He gaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith, that hunters been noon holy men;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is reccheles
 Is likned to a fische that is waterles; 105
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
 But thilke text held he not worth an oystre.
 And I seide his opinioun was good.
 What schulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
 Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre, 110
 Or swynke with his handes, and laboure,
 As Austyn byt? How schal the world be served?

a fair, a fair one (cf. modern slang). *for the maistrie*, for superiority. *venerye*, hunting. *pulled*, moulting, worthless. *reccheles*, careless, not recking. *thilke*, that same; cf. Scotch, *of that ilk*. *what*, why. *wood*, mad. *swynke*, labour. *Austyn*, Augustine. *byt*, orders.

13. Give modern forms and meanings of: *to ben*, *rood*, *bridel*, *gynglyng*, *eek*, *gaf nat a pulled hen*, *waterles*, *cloystre*, *powre*.

Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
 Therfore he was a pricasour aright;
 Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in flight; 115
 Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
 I saugh his sleeves purfiled atte honde
 With grys, and that the fynest of a londe.
 And for to festne his hood under his chynne 120
 He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pynne:
 A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, and schon as eny glas,
 And eek his face as he hadde ben anoynt.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt; 125
 His eyen steepe, and rollyng in his heede,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leede;
 His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate;
 Now certainly he was a fair prelâte;
 He was not pale as a for-pyned goost. 130
 A fat swan lovede he best of eny roost.

swynk, toil. *pricasour*, hunter. *purfiled atte hondē*, edged with fur at the hand. *grys*, fur. *in good poynt*, Fr. *embonpoint*, stout. *steepe*, bright. *leede*, cauldron. *for-pyned*, one who had pined away.

14. Give modern forms and meanings of: *to him reserved*, *prikyng*, *at his lust*, *of a londē*, *festne*, *balled*, *anoynt*, *stemed*, *souple*, *goost*.

THE CLERK OF OXFORD

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
 That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
 Al lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake; 135
 But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,
 For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.
 For him was levere have at his beddes heedē 140
 Twenty bookēs, i-clad in blak and reedē,

Of Aristotel, and his philosophie,
 Then robés riche, or fithel or gay sawtrie.
 But al be that he were a philosòphre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre; 145
 But al that he mighte of his frendes henté,
 On bookès and on lernyng he it spenté,
 And busily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scoley.
 Of studie tooke he most cure and most heedé. 150
 Not oo word spak he moré than was neede;
 And that was seid in forme and reverence,
 And schort and quyk, and ful of heye sentencé.
 Sownyng in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche. 155

therto soberly, solemn as well. *overeste* (superlative), uppermost. *courtepy*, coarse upper coat. *him was levere*, lit. to him was dearer, he preferred. *Aristotel*, Aristotle, a Greek philosopher. *hente*, seize, get. *scoley*, attend school, study. *sentencé*, judgment, meaning. *sownyng in*, tending to.

15. Give modern forms and meanings for: *i-go*, *al lene*, *holwe*, *benefice*, *fithel*, *sawtrie*, *al be that*, *cofre*, *most cure*, *oo word*.

THE FRANKLIN

A Frankeleyn was in his companye;
 Whit was his berde, as is the dayèsye.
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.
 An househaldere, and that a gret, was he; 160
 Seynt Julian he was in his countré.
 His breed, his ale, was alway after oon;
 A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.

by the morwe, in the morning. *Julian*, patron saint of hospitality. *after oon*, of one quality.

16. Explain: *dayèsye*, *sangwyn*, *sop in wyn*, *breed*.

Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
 Of flessch and fisch, and that so plentyvous, 165
 Hit snewed in his hous of mete and drynke,
 Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
 Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
 And many a brem and many a luce in stewe.
 Woo was his cook, but-if his sauce were 170
 Poynaunt and scharp, and redy al his gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longé day.

snewed, snowed. *mewe*, coop for fattening. *brem*, bream. *luce*, pike. *stewe*, fish pond. *woo was his cook*, his cook was sad. *but-if*, unless (cf. L. *nisi*). *gere*, utensils. *table dormant*, table fixed to its legs—not on trestles.

17. Explain: *hit snewed*, *partrich*, *poynaunt*.

THE WIFE OF BATH

A good Wif was ther of bysidé Bathe,
 But sche was somdel deef, and that was skaþhē. 175
 Of cloth-makyng sche haddé such a haunt,
 Sche passéd hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
 That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon,
 And if ther dide, certeyn so wroth was sche, 180
 That sche was out of allé charité.
 Hire keverchefs ful fynē weren of groundē;
 I durstē swere they weygheden ten pounde
 That on a Sonday were upon hire heed.
 Hire hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed, 185
 Ful streyte y-teyd, and schoos ful moyste and newē.
 Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
 Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfē,
 Housbondēs attē chirche dore hadde sche fyfē,
 And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem; 190
 Sche haddē passed many a straungē streem;

Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weyē.
 Gat-tothed was schē, sothly for to seye.
 Uppon an amblere esely sche sat,
 Y-wympled wel, and on hire heed an hat 196
 As brood as is a bocler or a targē;
 A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
 And on hire feet a paire of spores scharpe.
 In felaweschipe wel cowde sche lawghe and carpe.
 Of remedies of love sche knew parchaunce, 200
 For of that art sche couthe the olde daunce.

skathe, a misfortune, pity. *haunt*, practice, skill, from verb meaning to frequent. *offryng*; when on Relic Sunday she went to kiss the relics. *hevercheys*, lit. head-coverings. *grounde*, texture. *moyste*, soft. *cowde*, knew. *gat-tothed*, with teeth wide apart like a goat (or possibly cut-, or gap-). *amblere*, nag. *carpe*, discourse. *daunce*, game.

18. Explain: *somdel*, *passēd*, *out of allē charité*, *weygheden*, *hosen*, *y-teyed*, *reed of hewē*, *y-wympled*, *brood*, *bocler*, *targe*, *hipes*, *spores*.

THE PARSON

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a pourē Persoun of a toun;
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk 205
 That Cristēs gospel trewely woldē prechē;
 His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversité ful pacient;
 And such he was i-proved oftē sithes. 210
 Ful loth were him to curse for his thythes;
 But rather wolde he geven out of dowlē,
 Unto his pourē parisschens aboutē,
 Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
 He cowde in litel thing han suffisauncē. 215

oftē sithēs, oftentimes.

19. What do you notice interesting about the spelling and pronunciation of *werk*, *clerk*?

20. Explain: *parischens*, *wonder*, *loth were him*, *suffisaunce*.

Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
 The ferrest in his parissche, moche and lite,
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf. 220
 This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
 That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
 And this figure he addede eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what schulde yren doo? 225
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
 And schame it is if that a prest take kepe,
 A foul schepperd [to se] and a clene schepe;
 And though he holy were, and vertuous, 230
 He was to sinful man nougt despitous,
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discret and benigne.
 To drawe folk to heven by fairnessè,
 By good ensample, was his busynessè: 235
 But it were eny persone obstinat,
 What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snybbè scharply for the nonès.
 A better preest I trowe ther nowher non is,
 He waytede after no pompe ne reverencè, 240
 Ne maked him a spiced consciencé,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelvè,
 He taughte, and first he folwede it himselvé.

laftè to visitè, omitted to visit. *mochè and litè*, great and small.
figure, figure of speech, simile. *lewed*, unlearned, layman. *des-
 pitous*, hard-hearted. *daungerous*, domineering. *digne*, here digni-
 fied, pompous. *for the nonès*, for the once. *spiced*, nice, over-
 scrupulous.

21. Explain. *ferrest*, *ensample*, *yren*, *busynesse*, *but it were*, *snybbè*.

Lines from Shakespeare

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL TO GREATNESS

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, 5
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 10
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye: 15
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have: 20
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Spoken by Wolsey on his downfall (*Henry VIII*, iii, 2).

1. Why are hopes like leaves?
2. Explain the use of the word *blushing*?
3. Explain: *nips his root*. Is the metaphor literally true?
4. Explain the figure of speech contained in the passage about swimming. Why is it not either pure simile or pure metaphor?
5. Explain: *heart new open'd, hangs on princes' favours, sweet aspect of princes*.
6. Who was Lucifer? What does the name signify?

LET ME PLAY THE FOOL

Let me play the fool:
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within, 5
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
 There are a sort of men whose visages 10
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say "I am Sir Oracle, 15
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
 O my Antonio, I do know of these
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears 20
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time,
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Spoken in the *Merchant of Venice* by the babbler Gratiano to Antonio, who has said that the world is

"A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one"

I tell thee what, I tell you something. *conceit*, conception, thought, *damn those ears*, i.e. make those who heard them call them fools, and so damn the speakers.

1. Explain: *heat with wine*, *mortifying*, *cut in alabaster*, *when he wakes*, *creep into the jaundice*, *visages*, *do a wilful stillness entertain*, *with purpose*, *an opinion*, *profound conceit*, *therefore only*, *reputed*.

2. What was the *bast*, and what the *gudgeon*?
3. Explain the figure of speech in *Do cream . . pond*. Show that it is a combination of metaphor and simile.
4. What was an Oracle? Explain: *Sir Oracle*.
5. What peculiarity do you notice about the expression *there are a sort of men*?

HOW SWEET THE MOONLIGHT SLEEPS

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven 5
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls; 10
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

From *The Merchant of Venice*, v, 1.

patines, another form of paten, the plate used for the bread in the Communion Service.

1. Explain: *become*, *floor of heaven*, *orb*.
2. Write note on spelling of *quiring*. Where do you find a similar spelling?
3. What sing like angels? Who can hear the singing? Who cannot? What is the *muddy vesture of decay*?
4. What is there peculiar about the word *cherubins*?

LIFE

She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time, 5
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale 10
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Spoken by Macbeth (v, 5) on hearing of the death of his wife. His despair arises from his impending doom.

CLEOPATRA

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
 silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made 5
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see 10
 The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did. 15
 Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge 20
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, 25
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, from *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 2.

Nereides, the fifty daughters of the sea-god Nereus, who attended Neptune riding on sea-horses. *swell* with pride. *yarely* frame the office, nimbly perform their duties. *of the wharfs*, i.e. of the people on the banks.

1. Explain: *burnished*. What is the connection between *perfumed* and *love-sick*? What else was in love besides the winds?
2. Explain: *beggared all description, o'erpicturing that Venus . . . nature, divers-colour'd, what they undid did*
3. What is there unusual about the use of the verb *glow* in line 14?
4. What is there peculiar about the number of the noun *tackle*?
5. Which of the senses does the perfume hit?
6. What does "nature abhor"? Explain: *which had gone*.

TO HIS LOVE

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best 5
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have exprest
 Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring; 10
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

blazon, a drawing or explanation of the various parts of armorial bearings; here, a description.

1. Explain: *wasted time, wights, making beautiful old rhyme, as you master now, prophecies, you prefiguring, for they look'd, with divining eyes*.
2. Paraphrase the first four lines of the poem.
3. Why did both Shakespeare and his predecessors fail to describe his love's beauty?

IF IT WERE DONE

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
 It were done quickly: if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgement here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice 10
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He 's here in double trust;
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

Spoken, by Macbeth when contemplating the murder of King Duncan

trammel up, catch as in a net. *his surcease*, Duncan's death. *but here*, only here, in this world. *jump*, jump over, ignore. *still*, always (a very common meaning in Shakespeare's time).

1. Give the subject and the object of the verb *catch*.
2. In what sea is time a bank or shoal?
3. What is the emphatic word in *we still have judgement here*?
4. Explain: *that* we but teach, *even-handed*, *chalice*.
5. What word should you have expected instead of *myself*?
6. Explain: *borne his faculties*. What various meanings has the word *faculty* in Modern English?
7. What is there grammatically peculiar in *meek*?
8. Explain: *clear in his great office*.
9. What four reasons does Macbeth give against the murder?
10. To what two things is pity compared?
11. What is the connection between *cherubim* and *cherub*? What is there peculiar in Shakespeare's pronunciation of *cherubim*? What other plural of this word occurs in Shakespeare?
12. What two distinct metaphors are contained in the last four lines?

LOVE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
 It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come; 10
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

remover, one who departs. *whose worth*, whose influence. *mark*, sea-mark.

1. In what well-known phrase about marriage does the word *impediment* occur?
2. Explain: *Love is not . . . finds; bends . . . to remove*.
3. Explain the metaphor of the star.
4. Explain lines 9, 10. Whom does *his* stand for in line 11?
5. What is there unusual about the negatives of the last line?

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep; 5
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's the rub; 10
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, 15
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make 20
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will 25
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, 30
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Spoken by Hamlet on contemplating suicide.

Elizabeth of Bohemia

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you, when the Moon shall rise? 5

You curious chanterers of the wood
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents; what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise? 10

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,—
 What are you, when the Rose is blown? 15

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind? 20

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

By Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, was the eldest daughter of James I of England. She was the mother of the celebrated Prince Rupert, and of Sophia, who married the Elector of Hanover and thus became mother of George I.

curious, a difficult use of the word, possibly = difficult to understand. *Philomel*, the nightingale, so called because Philomēla, according to a legend, was changed into that bird. *purple*, the colour of nobility. *is blown*, has bloomed. *form*, physical beauty.

1. To what three things was Elizabeth compared? What were the "meaner beauties" in each case?

2. Explain: *Nature's lays*, *weak accents*, *in form and beauty of her mind*, *of her kind*.

Which lines begin with a trochee?

On Salathiel Pavy

A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL

Weep with me, all you that read
 This little story;
 And know for whom a tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.
 'T was a child that so did thrive 5
 In grace and feature,
 As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
 Which own'd the creature.
 Years he number'd scarce thirteen
 When Fates turned cruel, 10
 Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act (what now we moan)
 Old men so duly,
 As sooth the *Parcæ* thought him one, 15
 He play'd so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented;
 But, viewing him since, alas, too late,
 They have repented; 20
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him;
 But, being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

BEN JONSON.

By Ben Jonson (1573-1637), a contemporary of Shakespeare.

Parcæ, the Fates—Clotho, Lachæsis, Atræpos. *Zodiac*, an imaginary belt in the sky, having as its middle line the apparent path of the sun, and containing the twelve constellations—the Ram, the Bull, &c.

1. Explain lines 3, 4, and lines 5-8.

2. Explain: *three fill'd zodiacs*.

3. What did the *Parcæ* think? Why? To what did they consent? How did they try to rectify their error?

On His Dear Son, Gervase

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
 To me was like a friendship, far above
 The course of nature or his tender age;
 Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage;
 Let his pure soul, ordain'd seven years to be
 In that frail body which was part of me,
 Remain my pledge in Heaven, as sent to show
 How to this port at every step I go.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627).

1. Explain. *winning love, assuage, ordain'd*
2. Explain the last two lines.

Palmistry

Fairest, when by the rules of palmistry
 You took my hand to try if you could guess,
 By lines therein, if any wight there be
 Ordained to make me know some happiness,
 I wished that those characters could explain 5
 Whom I will never wrong with hope to win;
 Or that by them a copy might be seen
 By you, O love, what thoughts I had within.
 But since the hand of nature did not set
 (As providently loth to have it known) 10
 The means to find that hidden alphabet,
 Mine eyes shall be th' interpreters alone;
 By them conceive my thoughts and tell me fair
 If now you see her that doth love me there?

WILLIAM BROWNE (1588-1643).

1. Explain: *rules of palmistry, wight, ordained* (by what?), *characters*.
2. What do you notice about the pronunciation of *characters*?
3. Explain; *providently, loth, that hidden alphabet, conceive my thoughts*.
4. Explain the last three lines.

To Electra

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kiss'd thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A Contemplation upon Flowers

Brave flowers—that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain !
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.
You are not proud: you know your birth :
For your embroidered garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
 Would have it ever Spring:
 My fate would know no Winter, never die,
 Nor think of such a thing. 10
 O that I could my bed of earth but view
 And smile, and look as cheerfully as you !

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,
But rather to take truce!
How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce!
You fragrant flowers! then teach me, that my breath
Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester
(1592-1669).

1. Explain : *gallant it, take truce.*
2. What lessons does the poet draw from the flowers?

The Primrose

Ask me why I send you here
 This sweet Infanta of the year;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose, thus bepearled with dew;
 I will whisper to your ears:— 5
 “The sweets of love are mix’d with tears”.

Ask me why this flower does show
 So yellow—green and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending (yet it doth not break); 10
 I will answer:—“These discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover”

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674).

1. Explain: *Infanta*. Why is the name here given to the primrose?
2. Why does Herrick send his sweetheart this particular flower?
3. Lines 2, 4 in each verse are sometimes written with a query-mark. Why is this incorrect?

Venus

Venus, redress a wrong that's done
 By that young sprightly boy, thy son;
 He wounds, and then laughs at the sore;
 Hatred itself can do no more.
 If I pursue, he's small and light, 5
 Both seen at once, and out of sight;
 If I do fly, he's winged, and then
 At the third step I'm caught again:
 Lest one day thou thyself mayst suffer so,
 Or clip the wanton's wings or break his bow; 10

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-43).

1. Who was Venus? Who was her son? Explain: *redress*.
2. Explain *sprightly*. What is the modern form of the word?
3. Explain *wanton*. How is the word used now?
4. What word should we now use for the first *or* in the last line?

The Cruel Mistress

We read of kings and gods that kindly took
 A pitcher filled with water from the brook,
 But I have daily tendered without thanks
 Rivers of tears that overflow their banks;
 A slaughtered bull will appease an angry Jove, 5
 A horse the Sun, a lamb the God of Love,
 But she disdains the spotless sacrifice
 Of a pure heart that at her altar lies.
 Vesta is not displeased if her chaste urn
 Do with repaired fuel ever burn, 10
 But my saint frowns, though to her honoured name
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 The Assyrian king did none i' the furnace throw
 But those that to his image did not bow,—
 With bended knees I daily worship her, 15
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.
 Of such a goddess no times leave record
 That burned the temple where she was adored.

THOMAS CAREW (1595?-1639?).

Jove, Jupiter, the chief of the Roman gods. *Vesta*, the goddess who presided over the family, in whose temple the sacred fire was continually kept burning. *the Assyrian king*, Nebuchadnezzar, see Daniel, iii.

1. Explain: *kindly took*, *tendered*, *overflow their banks*, *appease*, *disdains*.

2. Who is *she* of line 7?

3. Explain: *repaired fuel*, *consecrate*. What is the *never-dying flame*.

4 Who is *her own idolater*. Explain: *no times leave record*, *burned the temple*.

Death the Leveller

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against Fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and crown 5
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill; 10
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath 15
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds. 20
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb:
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666).

nerves, sinews.

1. Explain lines 5-8.

2. Explain: *glories of our blood, with swords may reap the field, plant fresh laurels.*

Go, Lovely Rose!

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair. 20

EDMUND WALLER.

By Edmund Waller (1606-87), celebrated for the elegance, sweetness, and grace of his poetry. A feature of this poem is the conflict between the metrical ictus and the word accent.

1. •Who sends the rose? To whom? What is the former's complaint against the latter? What other lesson will the rose teach?

2. *Wastes* is used in almost a punning sense. Explain.

3. Give Modern English for: *resemble, shuns to have her graces spied, hadst thou sprung, must have uncommended died, retired, suffer herself to be desired, common fate.*

4. To whom or what does *thou* refer in Verse 2?

5. Whom or what are referred to in line 20?

Why so Pale and Wan?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move,
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her;
 The devil take her! 15
 SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-42).

r. Explain: *wan, prithee, move her, mute.*

A Palinode

As withereth the primrose by the river,
 As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
 As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
 As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains,
 So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers, 5
 The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow
 Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers.
 Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
 The withered primrose by the mourning river,
 The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains, 10

The light-blown bubble, vanished for ever,
 The molten snow 'upon the naked mountains,
 Are emblems that the treasures we up-lay
 Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.
 For as the snow, whose lawn did overspread 15
 Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
 To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
 Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat;
 When as the bubble, which did empty fly,
 The dalliance of the undiscerned wind, 20
 On whose calm rolling waves it did rely,
 Hath shipwreck made, where it did dalliance find:
 And when the sunshine which dissolved the snow,
 Coloured the bubble with a pleasant vary,
 And made the rathe and timely primrose grow, 25
 Swart clouds withdraw, which longer time do
 tarry.
 O what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
 As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers or snow?
 EDMUND BOLTON.

By Edmund Bolton, an historian of the reign of James I. A palinode is a recantation.

1. What do you notice about the order of the verbs in line 5? Give the subject of each.
2. What do you notice about the order of the verbs in line 14? Give the subject of each.
3. What is the subject of *doth leave*? What was *naked and bare*?
4. Explain: *dalliance*. Why is the wind *undiscerned*? What *hath shipwreck made*? Where?
5. What word could be used before the verbs *coloured* and *made*?
6. Explain: *vary*, *rathe*, *swart*. Give subject and object of the verb *withdraw*.
7. Explain: *so* (line 27). What part of speech is *shine* (line 28)?

A Question

Between two Suitors, sat a Lady fair.
 Upon her head, a garland She did wear;
 And of the enamoured two, the first alone
 A garland wore like hers; the second, none.
 From her own head, She took the wreath She wore, 5
 And on him placed it, that had none before.
 And then, mark this! Their brows were both about
 Beset with garlands; and She sat without.
 Beholding now these rivals on each side
 Of her thus placed, and decked with equal pride, 10
 She from the first man's head, the wreath he had
 Took off; and therewith her own brow She clad.
 And then, note this! She and the second were
 With garlands decked; and the first man sat bare.
 Now, which did She love best? Or him, to whom 15
 She gave the wreath? Or him, She took it from?

The Answer

In my conceit, She would him soonest have,
 From whom She took; not him, to whom She gave.
 For to bestow, many respects may move;
 But to receive, none can persuade but Love.
 She graced him much, on whom the wreath She placed; 5
 But him whose wreath She wore, She much more graced.
 For where She gives, She there a Servant makes;
 But makes herself a Servant, where She takes.
 Then where She takes She honours most; and where
 She doth most honour, She most love doth bear. 10

ANON. (1641).

conceit, conception, opinion.

Lines from L'Allégro

WELCOME TO MIRTH

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, 5
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe; 10
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee 15
 In unreviewéd pleasures free.

John Milton was born in 1608, and was therefore a boy of eight when Shakespeare died in 1616. He lived through the troublous reign of Charles I and the Commonwealth and was Latin secretary to Cromwell. The prime of his life was thus spent in political controversy, and as a result of his incessant labours he became totally blind. On the restoration of Charles II his life was spared, and his latter days were devoted to the writing of his incomparable *Paradise Lost*.

L'Allégro is, in Italian, "the cheerful man", just as *Il Penseroso* is "the thoughtful man". The *Nymph* is "heart-easing Mirth", "buxom, blythe and debonaire". *quips*, witty sayings. *cranks*, lit. *twisted* sayings, jokes on words. *wanton wiles*, playful tricks. *Hebe*, the goddess of youth. *fantastic*, full of fancy, unrestrained.

1. How does Sport deride Care?
2. Why is Liberty called the mountain nymph?
3. Write a note on Milton's uses of the word *crew*.
4. What are *unreviewéd pleasures*?
5. To what word is *free* added?
6. Compare the sentiments here expressed with the usual conception of a Puritan.

THE MORNING

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise; 20
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow
 Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock with lively din 25
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn, 30
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate 35
 Where the great Sun begins his state
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land, 40
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures; 45
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest; 50

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies, 55
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

to hear, i.e. admit me so that I may hear. *to come*, probably co-ordinate with *to hear*. *in spite of sorrow*, to spite or defy sorrow. *eglantine*, generally used to denote the sweetbriar (on account of its prickles, Fr. *aiguille*, needle), here probably honeysuckle. *dight*, arrayed. *tells his tale*, probably = relates his story. *Cynosure*, from the Gr. *kynos oura*, a dog's tail. The tail of the constellation of the Lesser Bear was a conspicuous object to ancient sailors.

7. Who hears the lark?
8. Who comes "at my window"?
9. Explain: *scatters the rear*.
10. Who is "oft listening"?
11. What do you notice about the metre of *cheerly rouse*, &c.?
12. Who walks by hedge-row elms?
13. Explain: *eastern gate, begins his state, in thousand liveries dight, whets*.
14. What two meanings might conceivably be given to *tells his tale*?
15. Explain: *russet, lawns, fallows, pied*. To what verb is *lawns* object?
16. Explain the metaphor of the cloud and the mountain.
17. Explain: *bosom'd in trees, Beauty, Cynosure*.

AFTERNOON

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two agéd oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set 60
 Of herbs, and other country messes
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;

Corydon, Thyrsis, names of farm workers. *Phyllis, Thestylis*, names of farm maidens. All four names are taken from Virgil.

18. Explain: *hard by, met, messes, dresses, bower*.
19. Why is the comma necessary after *by* (line 57)?

Or, if the earlier season lead, 65
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound 70
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the live-long daylight fail. 75

lead, if she is summoned or led to haymaking. *secure*, free from care. *rebecks*, old-fashioned fiddles of three strings.

20. Explain *tann'd*. How has *secure* changed its meaning?
21. How does the *rebeck* differ from a modern violin?
22. Why is the shade *chequer'd*?
23. Write note on the origin and spelling of *holy-day*.

EVENING

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
 And he, by Friar's lantern led; 80
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end; 85
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,*
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings. 90
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Mab, the fairy who sent dreams. She was proverbially fond of cream. *she . . . he*, a maiden, a youth in the company. *Friar's lantern*, Will-of-the-wisp, or Jack-o'-Lantern, a light often seen on marshy ground. *tells*, i.e. another tells. *Goblin*, Robin Goodfellow, a brownie or sprite who was supposed to do work if a bowl of cream were set for him. It would be interesting to know who actually had the cream! *basks*, lit. bathes himself.

24. Write notes on: *eat, sweat, duly*.

25. Who is the *lubber fiend*? What difficulty is there about his being "stretch'd out all the chimney's length"?

26. Explain: *he flings, his matin rings, thus done the tales*.

PLEASURES OF THE CITY

Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold 95
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend. 100
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream 105
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild. 110

high triumphs, masques and tournaments. *Hymen*, the god of marriage. *sock*, slipper worn by comic actors, here used for comedy.

27. Explain *weeds*. How is the word still used in this sense?

28. Explain: *rain influence, to win her grace, mask, antique pageantry*.

29. What distinction is drawn between the comedies of Jonson and of Shakespeare?

MUSIC

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout 115
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony; 120
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber, on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free 125
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

eating, cf. *fret* = for-eat. *lap*, wrap, still found in some local dialects. *Lydian*, one of the three great "modes" of Greek music, viz. that connected with love. *melting*, in sympathy with music. *voice running*, absolute construction = while the voice runs. *chains that tie*, the harmony of man's soul is supposed to be fettered by the world around him. *Orpheus*: Pluto, the god of the underworld, having seized Eurydice, said he would release her if her husband, Orpheus, could charm her with his music. He made the condition that Orpheus would refrain from looking back to see if she was following. This condition he broke and so lost Eurydice. *Elysian*, of Elysium, or heaven.

30. Explain the words *married*, *immortal*

31. Paraphrase *such as the meeting soul may pierce*.

32. What contradiction do you notice between the words *wanton* and *heed* and between *giddy* and *cunning*?

33. Explain *half-regain'd*.

34. Give reasons for thinking Milton is describing (a) actual pleasures of the city, or (b) the pleasures of midnight reading.

Lines from Il Penseroso

WELCOME TO MELANCHOLY

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn 5
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes; 10
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

Melancholy, by Melancholy Milton means Thought or Contemplation rather than Sadness or Dejection. *demure*, modest. Fr. *de(bons) moeurs*, of good manners, cf. *debonair*. *grain*, the various meanings of this word are interesting: (1) small seed; (2) any small particles (e.g. grains of sand); (3) Cochineal insects; (4) red dye; (5) any fast colour. *cypress*, crape. *decent*, either shapely or seemly (because covered). *rapt*, enraptured, absorbed.

1. Explain: *pensive*, *devout*, *sable*, *stole*, *lawn*, *wonted*, *even step*, *musings gait*, *commercing*, *still*, *as fast*.

2. Scan lines 1-6.

HER COMPANIONS

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 15
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing.

Muses, the goddesses of poetry and the arts.

3. Why is Fast said to be "spare"? Explain: *with gods doth diet*.

And add to these retiréd Leisure
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 20
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along, 25
 'Less Philomel will deign a song
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak; 30
 —Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;

hist, call in a whisper. *Philomel*, lit. the lover of melody, the nightingale (the night-singer). *plight*, condition, mood. *Cynthia*, the moon; her chariot was drawn by four stags rather than by dragons.

4. Explain: '*Less, deign, yoke, accustom'd, chauntress*.'
5. How is the word *plight* now used?
6. What smoothes the brow of Night?

THE EVENING

And missing thee, I walk unseen 35
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering Moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 40
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound
 Over some wide-water'd shore, 45
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removéd place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom; 50
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

highest noon, her zenith, i.e. the highest point in the sky.

7. Who is *thee* of line 35?
8. Explain *plat*. How is the word still used?
9. Write note on *curfew* and the spelling.
10. To what two things might *sullen roar* refer?
11. Explain: *air, fit, bellman's drowsy charm*.
12. Explain the lines *where glowing embers . . . gloom*.

MIDNIGHT

Or let my lamp at midnight hour 55
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 ¶What worlds or what vast regions hold 60
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 65
 With planet, or with element.

Hermes: Hermes Trismegistus (thrice great) was an ancient Egyptian philosopher, the reputed author of many books. The Greeks identified him with their god Hermes (Latin, Mercury). *unsphere*, bring back Plato from his present sphere (heaven). *mansion*, the body, the "temple" of the Holy Ghost *demons*, spirits, of which, as here, there were sometimes said to be four kinds, viz. gnomes (earth), sylphs (air), salamanders (fire), undines (water).

13. What was the only way in which *Il Penseroso* could outwatch the bear? Why was this?
14. How could he *unsphere the spirit of Plato*?
15. What would Plato teach him?

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pélôps' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine;
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

70

Thebes, the chief city of Bœotia, in Greece. *Pelops*, the ancestor of Agamemnon. *Troy*, a city in Asia Minor famous for its ten years' siege, the subject of the *Iliad* of Homer. *buskin*, high-heeled boot worn by tragic actors.

16. Why does Tragedy wear a *scepter'd pall*?

17. Explain the words *though rare*.

MORNING

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic Boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gæst hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves
 With minute drops from off the eaves.

75

80

civil-suited, soberly clad, cf. *L'Allegro*. *Attic Boy*, Cephalus. While out hunting he was met by Eos (the Dawn), who fell in love with him.

18. Compare the morning of *Il Penseroso* with that of *L'Allegro*. How did the morning of *Il Penseroso* differ from the afternoon?

19. Explain *career*, *trick'd*, *frownc'd*, *wont*, *usher'd*, *still*, *blown his fill*, *minute*, *eaves*.

NOON

And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,

85

Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe, with heavéd stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt 90
 There in close covert by some brook
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honey'd thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing, 95
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep.

Sylvan, the Roman god of the woods. *monumental*, memorial
profane (Lat. *pro* before, *fanum* the temple), orig. = not sacred, here
 = unsympathetic. *garish*, glaring. *consort*, partner, company.

20. Explain: *twilight groves*, *nymphs*, *daunt*, *haunt*, *close covert*.
 21. What is the modern meaning of *profane*?
 22. What mistake does Milton make about the bee?

MUSIC

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale, 100
 And love the high-embowéd roof
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow 105
 To the full-voiced quire below
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes. 110

pale, enclosure, cf. *palings*. *massy proof*, able to bear a great mass.
ecstasy, lit. a standing outside (beside) oneself, a transport of delight
 or religious fervour.

OLD AGE.

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew 115
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live. 120

JOHN MILTON.

spell, spell out, learn by study.

23. Explain. *cloister*, *embow'd*, *storied*, *dight*.

24. How does Milton differ from the ordinary conception of a Puritan?

25. Write notes on spelling of *quire*, *shew*. How do you think Milton pronounced *shew*?

Lines from Lycidas

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill, 15
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn, 20
 Battenning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening, bright,
 Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering
 wheel.

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade 25
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,

Lycidas is a pastoral elegy written in 1637 to commemorate the death of Milton's Cambridge friend King, who was drowned in that year

laurels, &c., the most obvious meaning is that these were to form a funeral wreath. It is possible, however, that they are emblems of poetry, and that "once more" Milton is compelled to write poetry for which he did not consider himself ripe. *occasion dear*, grievous occasion. *welter*, roll about, wallow. *self-same hill*, Christ's College, Cambridge. *what time*, a confused construction copied from Latin = heard the gray-fly what time (i.e. when) she winds. *winds her horn*, drones. *sultry*, because sounded in the afternoon. *battenning*, feeding. The word is now used for growing fat in luxury. *uncessant*, un- is the English negative prefix. In modern English negative adjectives of Latin origin generally have in-. *use*, are in the habit of doing.

1. Explain: *sere*, *crude*, *mellowing*, *constraint*, *prime*, *need*, *melodious tear*.

2. What is meant by the term *pastoral elegy*?

3. What is there peculiar about the verb *compels*?

4. Explain *he knew himself to sing*.

5. What is meant by *fed the same flock*, &c.?

6. Explain: *high lawns appear'd*, *opening eye-lids*. What was *bright*?

7. Explain *boots it*. In what modern expression do we get the same word? What is the modern form of *uncessant*?

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear-spirit doth raise 30
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears 35
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise"
 Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies; 40
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

 Last came, and last did go 45
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young
 swain, 50
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest. 55
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are
 sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs 60

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw 65
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
 —But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

In the above passage St. Peter mourns the death of Lycidas, and in a digression, remarkable in an elegy, Milton attacks the worldly clergy of his day.

Amaryllis, *Neaera*, two imaginary girls. It is doubtful whether Milton means by this passage actually to make love or to write love poetry. *guerdon*, reward. *blind Fury*, Atropos, one of the Fates, who held the shears of destiny. *trembling ears*, according to an old superstition a person's ears tingled when anyone was talking about him. *Phoebus*, Apollo, the god of poetry. *foil* (L. *folium*, leaf), a thin leaf of metal to “set off” a jewel. *two keys*, although the keys of Heaven alone are mentioned in the Scriptures it seems natural to take these keys as the keys of Heaven and Hell respectively. *blind mouths*: *bishop* means literally overseer, *pastor*, one who feeds. The most unbishoply condition is to be blind, the most unpastoral action to *eat* rather than to *feed*. Putting the two together we get “blind mouths”. *scrannel*, lean. *grim wolf*, the Church of Rome. *two-handed engine*. Many explanations of this phrase have been suggested. The most likely are: (1) *axe*, either of execution or in the sense “the axe is laid to the root of the tree”; (2) the sword of the Spirit of God, (3) the two Houses of Parliament.

- 8 What is *that last infirmity*? What does it raise? To do what?
- 9 Why is Fate blind?
- 10 Explain *but not the praise*. Why did Milton's ears tremble?
11. Explain: *mortal soil*, *glistering foil*, *broad rumour*, *meed*.
12. Explain. *twain*, *again*, *enow*.
13. What is there surprising about *mitred locks*?
14. What distinction can be drawn between the words *creep*, *intrude*, *climb*?
- 15 Explain. *little reckoning make*, *ought else*, *herdman's art*, *what reck's it them?* *they are sped*, *when they list*, *with privy paw*, *nothing said*.
16. Explain the metaphor in *The hungry sheep . . . contagion spread*.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks, 70
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, 75
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, 80
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more, 85
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 90
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey;
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay; 95
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

use, cf. above; here the meaning is *dwell*. *swart star*, Sirius, the dog-star, which appears in July. *swart* = swarthy. *sparely*, mildly. *rathe*, early. *freak'd*, streaked. *woodbine*, honeysuckle. *amarantus*, (generally incorrectly spelt *amaranthus*) lit. unfading. *day-star*, the Sun. *uncouth*, ignorant. *twitch'd*, hitched up.

17. What example of onomatopœia occurs in lines 60-61?
18. What is there remarkable in the inclusion of lines 45-68 in an Elegy?
19. What are the three mild whispers? How can there be whispers of shades?
20. Explain: *swart star sparely looks, enamell'd eyes, vernal*. How can line 74 be taken in two ways? Which do you think is the better?
21. What modern form of *rathe* occurs?
22. Explain *laureat hearse*
23. Explain the simile of the Sun.
24. Who was the swain?
25. Whose sandals were grey? Why?
26. Whose mantle was blue?
27. What were the fresh woods and pastures new?

The Approach of Night

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale. 5
 She all night long her amorous descant sung:
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length 10
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

JOHN MILTON.

1. Explain: *sober livery*.
2. What are meant by *they, these*, line 4?
3. Explain: *amorous descant, living sapphires, Hesperus, led the host*.
4. What two meanings has the word *apparent*? Which has it here? Explain: *heir apparent, heir presumptive*.
5. Explain: *peerless, silver mantle*.

To Mr. Lawrence

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining? Time will run 5
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

JOHN MILTON.

This sonnet, written when Milton was blind, was addressed to one of the sons of Henry Lawrence, President of Cromwell's Council.

Favonius = west wind *Attic* = belonging to Attica, the part of Greece in which Athens was situated, hence *refined* *Tuscan*: Tuscany is a district in Italy. *spare* = to refrain from

1. What does Milton suggest to Lawrence? In what season of the year was the poem written? In what way is it contrary to the ordinary conception of a Puritan?

2. Who are to *help waste a sullen day*? How? What does Milton say about doing so? On what condition does he approve? What sort of meal pleases Milton? How will they spend the time afterwards?

3. Explain: *gaining*. Who are to gain? Gain what?

4. What sort of instrument was the lute?

5. Explain: *artful*. How has the meaning changed in modern English? Explain similar change in *cunning*, *crafty*, *scheming*, *designing*

6. *not unwise*. Explain this and the phrases *no fool*, *citizen of no mean city*.

To Cyriack Skinner

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Towards solid good what leads the nearest way; 10
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

JOHN MILTON.

A very similar poem to that to Mr. Lawrence. Cyriack Skinner's grandfather had been a famous judge and writer of law-books.

Themis = Justice personified. *Archimedes*, a celebrated Greek physicist who lived at Syracuse in Sicily in the third century B.C.

Swede . . . French. Charles X of Sweden was at war with Poland, Louis XIV with Spain.

1. Explain *resolve*. Who was to resolve, and what?
2. What were three of Skinner's favourite occupations?
3. Explain *on the royal bench, with no mean applause, to measure life learn thou betimes, wise in show*.
4. Explain *wrench*. Give the original meaning of *right, wrong*, and the French words *droit, tort*.
5. Of what care does Heaven disapprove?
6. Give in about fifty words the substance of the poem.

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest He returning chide.—
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
 I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need 10
 Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

The above sonnet was written shortly after Milton became blind, when it looked as if the great poem he had so long conceived would never be written.

1. Explain: *spent, ere half my days, that one talent, which is death to hide, my soul more bent, present my true account, I fondly ask, Doth God exact day labour, light denied?*

2. What are "His own gifts"? Whose state is kingly? Who are the thousands? How do they "post"? What is meant by a "talented" person? What is the origin of the word?

3. Explain the meaning of the last line of the poem.

When the Assault was intended to the City

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

JOHN MILTON.

Written by Milton in 1642, when the Royalists were advancing on London after their victory at Edgehill.

whose chance . . . may seize, a confusion of the two constructions: *whose lot it may be*, and *who may by chance seize*. *Emathian conqueror*, Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, who razed the town of Thebes to the ground with the exception of the house in which Pindar, the poet, had lived over a hundred years before. *sad Electra's poet*, Euripides. When, in 404 B.C., the Spartans were about to destroy Athens, they desisted in consequence of the singing of a chorus from Euripides' *Electra*.

1 Scan the first line. Which foot is a trochee? How many syllables are there in *Colonel*?

2. To whom or what do *them* and *him* refer in line 4?

3. Explain: *requite*, *knows the charms*, *call fame on*, *Muses' bower*, *bid spare*, *repeated air*, *ruin bare*.

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont

Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones¹
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,

Forget not; in Thy book record their groans⁵
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow¹⁰
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway

The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

This poem was written in 1655, and is Milton's protest against the Duke of Savoy's cruel persecution of the Vaudois, Protestant inhabitants of certain valleys in northern Italy. Cromwell intervened, and eventually the sufferers were left in peace. England sent £40,000 for their relief.

1. Explain: *even them*. Is *them* appositional to *saints* or the object of *forget*? What difference would this make to the punctuation of line 4?

2. Explain: *worshipt stocks and stones*. Who are meant?

3. What word must be supplied before *slain*?

4. Explain. *redoubled*. What is the modern meaning of the word? Is that its meaning here?

5. Explain: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church" and compare it with lines 10, 11.

6. Who was the triple tyrant? Why "triple"?

7. What was the connection between Babylon and the Jews? Whom did the Puritans associate with Babylon?

8. What sound is contained in the last word of eleven of the lines?

The Resolve

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
 Nor lip and cheek that's red,
 Nor of the tresses of her hair,
 Nor curls in order laid,
 Nor of a rare seraphic voice 5
 That like an angel sings;
 Though if I were to take my choice
 I would have all these things.
 But if that thou wilt have me love,
 And it must be a she, 10
 The only argument can move
 Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
 But metaphors of things,
 And but resemble what we see 15
 Each common object brings
 Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
 Lilies their whiteness stain;
 What fool is he that shadows seeks,
 And may the substance gain! 20
 Then if thou 'lt have me love a lass,
 Let it be one that's kind;
 Else I'm a servant to the glass
 That's with canary lined.

ALEXANDER BROME (1620-66).

1. Explain *seraphic*. What are the *metaphors*?
2. Explain: *out-red*, *stain*. What is *the substance*?
3. Explain: *the glass that's with canary lined*.

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore; 10
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Written by Colonel Richard Lovelace (1618-58), the author of "To Althea from Prison", famous for its line "Stone walls do not a prison make". Lovelace was twice imprisoned for his loyalist views, and died in poverty after spending all his fortune for his king.

1. Explain *nunnery* and the use of the word here.
2. What was the *new mistress*?
3. Explain: *inconstancy*. Why should Lucasta adore this inconstancy?
4. State briefly the meaning of the whole poem, especially of the last two lines.
5. Explain, with examples, the meaning of the following: The poem is written in alternate iambic tetrameters and iambic trimeters. Occasionally trochees are substituted for iambs, and some of the accented syllables are only very lightly accented.
6. Lovelace's title for the poem was "To Lucasta, going to the wars", Palgrave's was "To Lucasta, on going to the Wars". Which do you prefer? Why?
7. Why should we have expected "thou shalt" for "you shall" in line 10?

Lines from Hudibras

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears
 Set folk together by the ears;
 When gospel trumpeter, surrounded 5
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling
 And out he rode a colonelling. 10

HIS LOVE OF PHILOSOPHY

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic:
 He could distinguish and divide,
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute, 15
 Confute, change hands, and still confute:
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl, 20
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.

Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*, a burlesque satire on the Presbyterians, was published in 1663. It was a great favourite of Charles II, who carried a copy about in his pocket. The student should remember that the picture of the Presbyterian here presented is a witty caricature. The other side of Puritanism may be seen in the character of Milton.

dudgeon, resentment, possibly connected with the same word meaning the haft of a dagger *analytic*, a method of reasoning by dividing a subject up into its parts.

1. Explain: *civil dudgeon*, *by the ears*, *long-ear'd rout*.
2. Explain: *pulpit beat with fist*, *splitting hairs*, *confute*.

HIS SPEECH

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
 And when he happen'd to break off 25
 In th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 He'd hard words ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he spoke like other folk: 30
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But when he pleased to shew 't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect, 35
 Which learned pedants much affect;
 It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and piebald languages;
 'T was English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin. 40
 It had an odd promiscuous tone
 As if he'd talked three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 They'd heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce 45
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
 And truly to support that charge
 He had supplies as vast and large. 50
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on,
 And, when with hasty noise he spoke 'em, 55
 The ignorant for current took 'em.

That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase
 He would have us'd no other ways. 60

for rhetoric, as for speaking. *trope*, figure of speech. *fustian*, an old fashion where coarse fustian was cut into holes that the fine satin might appear through it. *three parts*, an allusion to the old catches in three parts. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog that guards the gates of Hell. *orator*, Demosthenes. The famous Greek orator, to cure a defect in his speech, practised speaking with pebbles in his mouth.

3. Explain what Butler says about a *rhetorician's rules*. What truth is there in this?

4. Explain: *Babylonish dialect*, *pedants*, *affect*, *prebald*, *fustian*.

5. Explain: *promiscuous*, *Babel*, *leash*, *volubly*, *vent*.

6. Explain: *to touch them on*, *would have used no other way*.

MATHEMATICS

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater;
 For he by geometric scale
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve by sines and tangents, straight, 65
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' the day
 The clock does strike by algebra.

Tycho Brahe, a celebrated Danish mathematician. *Erra Pater*, probably William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times. *sines and tangents*, terms in trigonometry. *pots of ale*, as a Justice of the Peace he had the right to inspect weights and measures.

HIS RELIGION

For his Religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit; 70
 'T was Presbyterian, true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon 75
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversy by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows, and knocks; 80
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended 85
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect, whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss; 90
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to, 95
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipped God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for. 100
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein

In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy 105
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose 110

Presbyterian, governed by *presbyters*, as the Church of England was Episcopalian, i.e. governed by bishops. Milton said "Presbyter is but old Priest writ large", as was literally true, both words coming from the Greek word for *elder*. *pike and gun* in many places, e.g. Scotland, the Presbyterian form of religion was maintained by force of arms. *keep holy-day*: in 1644 Christmas Day was kept as a fast.

7. Explain: *controversy*, *infallible*, *orthodox*, *antipathies*, *splenetic*.
8. What do you note about the pronunciation of *splenetic*?
9. Explain the spelling of *holy-day*, *plumb-porridge*.
10. Explain the passage: *Compound for sins . . . mind to*.

HIS ARMOUR AND WEAPONS

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword- yet cudgel-proof;
 Whereby 't was fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
 His puissant sword upon his side, 115
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd;
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth
 And serve for fight and dinner both:
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets; 120
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack.

such as bruise: the Puritans did not indulge in sterner forms of tournament. *Toledo*, a city in Spain famed for its fine swords.

11. Explain: *doublet*, *buff*, *cudgel-proof*, *puissant*, *trenchant*, *ate into itself*.

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt 125
 The rancour of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 't was so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not shew its face. 130

rancour, spite, originally rancidness.

12 Describe in your own words Hudibras's sword and scabbard.
 Explain line 130.

HIS HORSE

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first, with nimble active force,
 He got on the outside of his horse;
 For having but one stirrup ty'd 135
 T' his saddle on the further side,
 It was so short, h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe:
 But, after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle-eaves, 140
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and mane, 145
 Which oft he used instead of rein.
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
 I would say eye, for h' had but one
 As most agree, tho' some say none. 150
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
 At spur or switch no more he skipt
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;

And yet so fiery, he would bound, 155
 As if he grieved to touch the ground;
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender hooft,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft. 160
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his rider up;
 So Hudibras his ('t is well known)
 Would often do to set him down.
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt, 165
 Which on his rider he would flurt.
 Still as his tender side he prick'd
 With arm'd heel, or with unarmed kick'd;
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir 170
 To active trot one side of's horse
 The other would not hang on worse.

Spaniard whipt, alluding to the fable of the Spaniard who made it
 a point of honour not to increase his pace to shorten his thrashing.
Cæsar's horse, reputed to have toes like a man.

13. Explain: *saddle-eaves* How is *eaves* used now?

14. Explain: *mouth of meal, eyes of wall, gait, state*.

HIS SQUIRE

A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half.
 Though writers, for more stately tone, 175
 Do call him Ralpho, 't is all one.
 But when we can with metre safe,
 We'll call him so; if not plain Raph;
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses
 With which like ships they steer their courses). 180

SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-80).

15. Explain: *rhyme the rudder is of verses*.

To Chloris

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No pleasure, nor no pain!
 When I the dawn used to admire, 5
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the growing fire
 Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 Like metals in the mine; 10
 Age from no face took more away
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest,
 Fond Love as unperceived did fly, 15
 And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 And Cupid at my heart,
 Still, as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart; 20
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employed the utmost of his art—
 To make a beauty, she.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701).

1. Explain the metaphor of the *dawn* and the coming *day*.
2. Explain the simile of the *mine*. How does a simile differ from a metaphor?
3. Explain: *insensibly prest*. What word is understood before *rest*?
4. Explain: *still*. With what verb does it go?
5. Explain: *wanton part*. How did each glory?
6. What is there ungrammatical in line 21?

The Beasts' Confession to the Priest

When beasts could speak (the learned say
 They still can do so every day),
 It seems, they had religion then,
 As much as now we find in men.
 It happen'd, when a plague broke out, 5
 (Which therefore made them more devout)
 The king of brutes (to make it plain,
 Of quadrupeds I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command,
 That every subject in the land 10
 Should to the priest confess his sins;
 And thus the pious Wolf begins:
 "Good Father, I must own with shame,
 That often I have been to blame;
 I must confess, on Friday last, 15
 Wretch that I was! I broke my fast;
 But I defy the basest tongue
 To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
 Or ever went to seek my food,
 By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood " 20
 The Ass, approaching next, confess'd
 That in his heart he loved a jest;
 A wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a dunce alone:
 Sometimes his friend he would not spare, 25
 And might perhaps be too severe;
 But yet the worst that could be said,
 He was a wit both born and bred;

By Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), the misanthropic dean of Queen Anne's reign. He is equally bitter on the weaknesses of mankind in his famous *Gulliver's Travels*.

1. Explain the three sentences in brackets in the first eight lines.
2. Why is Friday chosen in line 15?
3. What is the object of *spare* (line 25)?

And if it he a sin and shame,
 Nature alone must bear the blame; 30
 One fault he has, is sorry for 't,
 His ears are half a foot too short;
 Which could he to the standard bring,
 He 'd show his face before the king,
 Then for his voice, there 's none disputes 35
 That he 's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allowed
 His shape and beauty made him proud;
 In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice; 40
 In every turn of life content,
 And meekly took what fortune sent;
 Inquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found;
 His vigilance might some displease; 45
 'T is true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic Ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter;
 Much of the censuring world complain'd,
 Who said his gravity was feigned: 50
 Indeed the strictness of his morals
 Engaged him in a hundred quarrels;
 He saw, and he was grieved to see 't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet;
 He found his virtues too severe 55
 For our corrupted times to bear;
 Yet such a lewd licentious age
 Might well excuse a stoic's rage.

Apply the tale, and you shall find
 How just it suits with human kind. 60

I own the moral not exact,
 Besides, the tale is false in fact,
 And so absurd, that could I raise up
 From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
 I would accuse him to his face, 65

For libelling the four-foot race.
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers,
 While we, whom reason ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day. 70
 The Ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap
 There to be stroked and fed with pap,
 As Æsop would the world persuade; 75
 He better understands his trade;
 Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles,
 But carries loads and feeds on thistles.
 Our author's meaning I presume, is
 A creature *bipes et implumis*; 80
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human kind;
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may degenerate into men.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

bipes et implumis (L.), two-legged and without feathers.

4. Explain *to the standard, the nightingale of brutes, contrite, allowed, nice*.

5. Is *none* (line 35) singular or plural? How does this differ from Modern English?

6. Explain: *sloth, pease, bespatter, censuring, feigned, engaged, lewd, licentious, stork*. Who *complained*, line 49?

7. Explain: *Elysian, fabling, Æsop, comprehend, act the part of Tray*.

8. How did Æsop libel animals?

9. What were *talents*? Give the origin of the modern use of the word.

10. What are meant by *Tray* and *Cupid*?

11. Who is the *creature* of line 80?

12. Explain the last line. Why is it an epigram?

13. Which rhymes point to change in pronunciation? Which are the four cleverest rhymes?

The Lady's Looking-glass

Celia and I, the other day,
 Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea.
 The setting sun adorned the coast;
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
 And, on the surface of the deep, 5
 The winds lay only not asleep.

The nymph did, like the scene, appear
 Serenely joyous, calmly fair;
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
 With secret joy, I heard her say 10
 That she would never miss one day
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, O, the change! The winds grew high,
 Impending tempests charge the sky;
 The lightning flies, the thunder roars; 15
 And big waves lash the frightened shores.

Struck with the horror of the sight,
 She turns her head, and wings her flight;
 And trembling vows she'll ne'er again
 Approach the shore, or view the main. 20

"Once more, at least, look back," said I,
 "Thyself in that large Glass descry;
 When thou art in good humour drest,
 When gentle Reason rules thy breast,
 The sun upon the calmest sea 25
 Appears not half so bright as thee.
 'Tis then, that with delight I rove
 Upon the boundless depth of love;
 I bless my chain, I hand my oar;
 Nor think on all I left on shore." 30

"But when vain doubts and groundless fear
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear,
 When the big lip, and wat'ry eye,
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh;

'T is then, thou art yon angry main
 Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain,
 And the poor sailor that must try
 Its fury, labours less than I." 35

Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,
 While Love and Fate still drive me back. 40
 Forced to dote on thee, thy own way;
 I chide thee first, and then obey;
 Wretched, when from thee; vexed, when nigh;
 I, with thee, or without thee, die.

MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721).

1. What time of day was the first walk taken?
2. What do you notice about the tenses of the second verse? Explain the reason.
3. Explain. *his beams entire, only not asleep, that large Glass, descry, rove, depth of love, bless my chain, angry main, deformed.*
4. Write note on *thee* (line 26). Whose is the *bosom* (line 32)?

Lines from Pope's Essay on Criticism

PRIDE

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools
 Whatever Nature has in worth denied, 5
 She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 10

From the *Essay on Criticism*, by Alexander Pope (1688-1744). The poem is typical of much of the poetry of the period, appealing almost entirely to the intellect and very little to the emotions. The metre is called the Heroic couplet, being the same as blank verse (iambic pentameter) except that the lines rhyme in pairs. It is important to notice how rarely the sense is not complete in each couplet.

1. Explain: *bias, recruits, wants, wit, void*. Explain lines 5, 6.

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing; 15
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 20
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise.
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try, 25
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way; 30
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

Pierian; Πιερία was part of Macedonia, near Mount Olympus, one of the earliest homes of the Muses. Here Orpheus is said to have been buried.

2 Explain the metaphors of the *cloud* and the *Pierian stream*. Which syllable of *Pierian* has the chief stress? With what word does *largely* go (line 18).

3. Explain the metaphor of the mountain. What is meant in Modern English by *short views*?

4. Explain: *bounded level, endless science*.

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found;
 False Eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
 The face of Nature we no more survey, 5
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:

But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still 10
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court. 15
 Some by old words, to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
 Some labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearned, and make the learned smile.
 These sparks with awkward vanity display 20
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old: 25
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

1. Explain the simile of the leaves.
2. Explain: *prismatic glass*. To what is true expression compared?
3. Explain: *decent, vile conceit*.
4. Explain: *sort, pretence, Pretender, pretentious*.
5. Explain: *sparks, doublets, will hold*.
6. What part of speech is *mimic* (line 22)?

THE RHYTHM OF POETRY

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong;
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear, 5

Parnassus, a mountain in Greece, sacred to Apollo (the god of Poetry) and the Muses.

1. Explain: *numbers, conspire, tuneful*.

Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone requir'd,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 With expletives their feeble aid do join, 10
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line
 While they ring round the same unvaried chime
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze",
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees": 15
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep",
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep":
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song 20
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 24
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

Alexandrine, a line consisting of six iambs.

- 2 Explain line 8
3. What is meant by *expletives*? How is the word used now? On which syllable does Pope put the chief stress? On which do we?
4. Explain: *ring round, still expected, not in vain*.
5. In what way do lines 11 and 21 illustrate the sense?
- 6 Who are to *tune dull rhymes*? Who are to *praise the easy vigour*?
 Explain: *easy vigour*.

THE SOUNDS OF POETRY

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, 5
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main. 10

Ajax, a renowned Greek who contended with Ulysses for the arms of Achilles. *Camilla*, a swift-footed servant of Diana who fought against Æneas.

1. What name is given to the figure of speech in which the sound is an echo to the sense?
2. What examples of this figure are contained in the above lines?
3. Explain: *Zephyr*, *smoother numbers*, *scours*, *main*.

POOR CRITICS

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the Town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then 5
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality,
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord. 10
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me!
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies every fault, 15
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought.

madrigal, generally a vocal composition in five or six parts; here probably any short and graceful poem.

1. Explain: *catch*, *conclude*, *precedent*, *own* (line 4), *servile herd*, *proud dulness*, *joins with Quality*, *fetch and carry*.
2. Explain: *hackney*. How is the word used now? What is a *hack*? Explain: *literary hack*.
3. Account for the rhymes *fault*, *thought*.
4. Explain: *refines*, *stanza*, *teems*.

ADVICE TO CRITICS

Learn then what *Morals* Critics ought to show,
 For 't is but half a Judge's task, to know.
 'T is not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine.
 That not alone what to your sense is due 5
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so; 10
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a critic on the last.

'T is not enough, your counsel still be true;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not, 15
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot
 Without Good Breeding, truth is disapprov'd,
 That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense. 20
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

1. What is meant by *Morals* in line 1?
2. Paraphrase lines 5, 6.
3. Explain: *doubt your sense, seeming diffidence, fops, make each day a critic on the last.*
4. Explain: *still* (line 13). How is *blunt* opposed to *nice*?
5. Explain lines 16, 19, and 20, and *that only, superior sense.*
6. Write in your own words Pope's advice to critics.

Hope

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 5
 Man never is, but always to be blest:
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind, 10
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced, 15
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; 20
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

1. What connection is there between *humbly*, *trembling* (line 1)?
2. Paraphrase lines 3, 4
3. What grammatical difficulty is there in line 6?
4. Explain *expatiates*. To what word in the preceding line is it opposed? Make up a sentence to illustrate the meaning of *expatiate* in modern English.
5. Give the subject and object of *taught* (line 11). Explain. *solar walk*, *milky way*.
6. Give the subject and object of *has given* (line 13).
7. Give in your own words the meaning of lines 9-22.

Lines from Pope's Essay on Man

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of Mankind is Man

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn, 5
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note. 10
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year? 15
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear. 20
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

1. Give two modern meanings of the word *presume*.
2. Who is meant by *who* of line 5?
3. Explain: *wanton* in *wanton fawn*, *wanton damage*.
4. Explain: *pours his throat*, *swell the note*, *pompously bestride*.
5. What peculiarity is there in the use of *strews*, line 13?
6. Explain: *vindicate*, *part pays*.
7. Who is the *lord of all*?
8. Explain: *see man for mine*, *pamper'd*.
9. Explain the metaphor in *he must fall*.

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake— 25
 "Go, from the creatures thy instructions take
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave; 30
 Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 Here too all forms of social union find,
 And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
 Here subterranean works and cities see; 35
 There towns aerial on the waving tree
 Learn each small People's genius, policies,
 The Ants' republic and the realm of Bees;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 And anarchy without confusion know; 40
 And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 Their separate cells, and properties maintain.
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
 Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
 In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw, 45
 Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 And Right, too rigid, harden into Wrong;
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

Nautilus. Described by Oppian as follows: They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean.

10. Tell in your own words how Man can learn from the animals.
11. Explain *late* in line 34.
12. How many syllables are there in *aerial*, line 36? How many in modern English?
13. Explain. *genius*, *those*, *these*.
14. Explain *anarchy*, in line 40 What is the modern meaning of the word?
15. Why has *reign*, line 41, no "s"?
16. Explain lines 45-48.

Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey; 50
 And, for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
 Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small difference made, 55
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool. 60
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.
 Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies. 65
 "Where, but among the Heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind. 70
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.

brocade, a silk stuff on which figures are wrought. *cowl*, the monk's hood; cf. the Latin proverb: "The cowl does not make the monk".
prunella, the black stuff of which clergyman's gowns are made.
Macedonia's madman, Alexander the Great. Pope here does an injustice to a great man. *the Swede*, Charles XII of Sweden.

17. Explain *for*, line 51.
18. What corresponds in man to the instinct of animals?
19. Explain: *condition*.
20. Explain the use of *flaunts*, in line 56. How is the word used now?
21. Explain *fellow*.
22. Explain line 64. To whom do *leather* and *prunella* refer?
23. Pope punctuated line 65 with a query mark. Why is this incorrect?
24. Why is line 66 included in inverted commas?
25. In what are heroes "much the same"?

No less alike the Politic and Wise;
 All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take, 75
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'T is phrase absurd to call a villain great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave. 80
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
 God loves from Whole to Parts: but human soul 85
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads; 90
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take every creature in, of every kind;

Aurelius, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Roman emperor A.D. 161-80, the adopted son of Antoninus Pius (the builder of Antonine's Wall) and the author of *Meditations*, a noble view of philosophic heathenism. *Socrates*, the celebrated Athenian philosopher, condemned to drink hemlock, 399 B.C.

26 Who are taken in unguarded hours? Who are *themselves*, in line 76?

27. Explain: *circumspective*, *retrospective*, *introspective*.

28. Who are *those* and *these* in line 77?

29. Explain: *ends*, *means*.

30. Why is *bleed* (line 83) an unsuitable word?

31. Give instances in the above of imperfect rhymes. How may they be explained?

32. How does God's love differ from man's?

33. Explain the comparison of the pebble. Explain: *straight*.

34. What do you notice peculiar about the order of *friend*, *parent*, *neighbour*?

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest, 95
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

35. What is *with boundless bounty blest*?

36. Explain the last line.

37. Give from the above an example of *alliteration*, of *simile*, and of *imperfect rhyme*

38. In what metre are the above lines written? What is the name of each foot? How does the metre differ from blank verse? How does Pope's use of the *cæsura* differ from Milton's?

Couplets from Pope

(a)

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

(b)

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays, till all commend.

(c)

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

(d)

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

(e)

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state
And neither leans on this side nor on that.

(f)

Well if a king's a Lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed Beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue
Who know themselves so little what to do.

(g)

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.

(h)

One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams through many a
page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.

(i)

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.

On a Certain Lady at Court

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour; 5
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humour
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver: 10
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1. Explain: *warped by passion, awed by rumour*.
2. Explain: *melancholy*. Has it its modern meaning here?
3. Give in a few words the meaning of the poem.

The Bard

A PINDARIC ODE

(The Bard curses the English King)

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait!
 Tho' fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, 5
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 —Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array:—

Edward I, who conquered Wales, according to an untrue tradition ordered all the Welsh bards to be put to death. In the poem one of the few surviving bards meets Edward marching at the head of his army. He curses the king for all the desolation and misery he has brought on his country, and calls on his companions who have been put to death to prophesy the ills that are to befall Edward and his descendants. This done, the bard's companions disappear, and the bard is left to tell of happier days in store for England.

The poem is called a Pindaric Ode because its form is that of the odes of the Greek poet, Pindar. These odes were originally recited with music and dancing, and *The Bard* is closely modelled upon them. It contains three groups of three stanzas each, the first stanza (the Strophe or Turn) eighteen lines, the second (the Antistrophe or Counter-turn) eighteen lines, and the third (the Epode or After-Song) twenty-four lines. Beyond the historical interest of such a scheme, no advantage is gained in the English poem from its peculiar structure.

hauberk, coat of mail armour. *Cambria*, Wales.

1. How is Conquest personified? When are her wings crimson? What fan the banners? What mock the air?
2. Why is Edward's pride said to be *crested*?

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air,) 20
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:

"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave, 25
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main: 30
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie 35
 Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale:
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.

a rock, Pen-maen-mawr may be meant, but it is several miles from the River Conway. *Hoel*, &c., famous Welsh bards, *Ap-Hoel* (the son of Hoel) has given us the surname *Powell*. *Llewellyn* is described as being tender-hearted and mild. *Cadwallo*, &c., British princes and bards long before the time of Edward I

3. How did the bard's curse affect the King, Gloucester, and Mortimer? Explain: *couched*.

4. Explain: *foaming flood*, *sable garb*, *hundred arms*, *fatal day*, *soft*.

5. What are *vocal no more*?

6. What miracles were performed when the ancient bards sang?

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep; They do not sleep;
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit; They linger yet, 45
 Avengers of their native land:
 With me in dreadful harmony they join.
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

(The Bard and his Companions foretell the Future)

"Weave the warp and weave the woof
 The winding sheet of Edward's race: 50
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year and mark the night
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring, 55
 Shrieks of an agonizing king!
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him
 wait! 60

grisly, horrible, hideous. *weave the tissue*, weaving the web of fate, framing the destiny of Edward's descendants. *warp . . . woof*. The warp consists of the parallel threads tied to the loom, the wool being the interwoven threads. *characters*, originally that which is stamped on coins, then letters, e.g. Greek characters. *Berkley*, the castle in Gloucestershire where Edward II was murdered at the instigation of his wife, Isabella of France, his bowels being burnt out with a red-hot iron.

7. Explain. *ruddy drops*, *dreadful harmony*, *of thy line*.

8. What do you notice about the rhymes in lines 47, 48? How do you explain them? Explain. *winding sheet*, *unrelenting*.

Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.
Mighty victor, mighty lord,

Low on his funeral couch he lies!

No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65

A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled?

Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?

—Gone to salute the rising morn. 70

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes:

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:

Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway. 75

That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare;

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:

Close by the regal chair 80

Amazement . . . *Flight*, panic and the ensuing rout. *Solitude*, in the Latin sense of desolation. *no pitying heart*. Edward III, when dying, was abandoned by his children. *Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm*: a famous allegorical picture bearing this title hangs in the National Gallery. *share the feast*: according to all original accounts Richard II was starved to death.

9. Explain: *van*.

10. Who was the she-wolf of France? Who was her son? How did he hang a scourge over France? What difference in the meaning of "hang" would be made by the insertion of a comma after it?

11. Who is the mighty victor? Who is the sable warrior? Why was he not present?

12. Who is the rising Morn? Explain the metaphor of the swarm. Why is there a query mark after *born*? In what sense is a swarm literally born by noon-tide beams?

13. Who points the way of the vessel of life? Who guides the ship? What is the natural consequence?

14. Explain: *afford a tear*, *obsequies*, *zephyr*, *azure*, *sway*.

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course, 85
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head! 90
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accurséd loom, 95
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.
 Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof; the thread is spun;)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove; the work is done.)" 100

Julius: the Tower of London was wrongly attributed to Julius Cæsar. *lasting shame*, because of the many murders there committed. *Consort*, Margaret of Anjou, the faithful wife of Henry VI. *bristled boar*, the badge of Richard III. *Half of thy heart*, Eleanor of Castile.

15. Why was Richard II a *baffled guest*?
16. Explain the metaphor contained in *mow*. What is the subject of *mow*?
17. Who was the *meek usurper*? Why was he so called? What is there awkward about the use of *his*? Who in recent times was the Prince Consort?
18. Explain: *rose of snow*, *her blushing foe*, *infant-gore*, *the thorny shade*.
19. To what verb is the phrase *to sudden fate* added?

(*The Companions disappear and the Bard continues
his Prophecy alone*)

“Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn:
 In yon bright track that fires the western skies
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height 105
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—
 All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia’s issue hail! 110
 Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine! 115
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line:
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
 Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play? 120
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

Arthur: according to a Welsh tradition this possibly mythical King of Wales had never died but would return to rule over Britain. *Taliessin*, chief of the bards in the sixth century. *attemper’d*, cf. “God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb”

20. What proverbial expression connected with clouds is suggested by *glittering skirts*?

21. In what way were the Tudors *genuine*?

22. Whose was the *form divine*? Why of the *Briton-Line*?

23. Explain: *girt*, *her eye proclaims her*, *attemper’d*, *transport*, *animate thy clay*.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.
 The verse adorn again 125
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130
 A voice as of the cherub-choir
 Gales from blooming Eden bear,
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear
 That lost in long futurity expire. 134
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood.
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me. with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign: 140
 Be thine Despair and sceptred Care;
 To triumph and to die are mine."
 — He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

pleasing Pain, the pity aroused by tragedy. *fond*, originally *mad*, *foolish*, then *dotting*, *loving*.

24. What is the subject of *adorn*? Why is the word *adorn* rather than *adorns*?

25. What poet writes of *fierce War*, &c.? Who bears gales from Eden? Whose are the *distant warblings*? Who is the *fond impious man*?

26. Why was the cloud *sanguine*? What is the modern meaning of the word? What similar word preserves the original meaning?

27. What is the *orb of day*? For what does it stand?

28. What two persons have *different doom*? Explain *sceptred Care*.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

The Elegy, probably the most famous poem of the English language, was begun by Gray in 1742 and first published in 1751, many years having been spent in its elaboration and correction. The church on which it is founded is that of Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire. While it retains some of the peculiarities of the poetry of the day, especially a fondness for personification, the chief characteristics of the poem were new, notably a deep love of nature and a keen sympathy with the poor.

lea, pasture land. *reign*, realm, L. *regnum*.

1. Explain: *knell*, *parting*.

2. Give the subjects of the verbs *fades*, *holds*, *heaves*. What do you notice about the order of words?

3. Explain: *tinklings*, *folds*, *save*, *ivy-mantled*, *bower*, *molest*, *cell*, *rude*, *hamlet*.

4. Explain: *incense-breathing*, *clarion*, *horn*. What two meanings might be given to *lowly bed*?

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Of! did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:— 35
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

aisle, properly the passage at the side of a church (L. *ala*, wing).
fretted, ornamented (cf *fret-work*); no connection with the word
 meaning *to be anxious*.

5. Explain: *lisp* . . . *return*.
6. What metaphor is contained in the word *yield*? Explain *their furrow the glebe has broke*. Why should we expect *broken*?
7. Explain: *jocund*. What is the subject of *bow'd*?
8. Explain: *Ambition*, *destiny*, *obscure*, *Grandeur*, *disdainful*, *annals*.
9. What four reasons for pride are possessed by the rich?
10. What is the subject of *awaits*? What change would result from changing the word to *await*? Explain *th' inevitable hour*.
11. What was the original meaning of *trophy*? What does it mean here?
12. What is the proper word for "middle aisle"?

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; 50
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
 And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60

mansion, dwelling-place. *provoke*, call forth. *pregnant*, filled with.
Hampden, who opposed Charles I's imposition of ship-money.

13. Explain: *storied urn*, *animated bust*, *mansion*, *Flatt'ry soothe* . . .
Death.

14. Explain: *celestial fire*, *rod of empire*, *waked to ecstasy*.

15. Explain: *rich with the spoils of time*. How does Knowledge
 unroll her page? How is the page ample? What metaphor is con-
 tained in lines 51, 52?

16. Explain the comparisons of the gem, and the flower in the desert.

17. Explain: *village Hampden*, *little tyrant*, *mute inglorious*. How
 is Gray unfair to Cromwell?

18. For *Hampden*, &c., Gray originally wrote *Cato*, *Tully* (Cicero)
Cæsar. Which reading do you prefer? Why?

TH' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes
 Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone 65
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on a mankind,
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride.
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

shut the gates, by pronouncing excommunications. *ingenuous shame*, natural modesty. *Muse's flame*, the altar of the muse of poetry. *sequester'd*, retired, secluded. *tenour*, course, that to which one *holds*. *still*, going with *yet*.

19 What four pleasures of the great did the lot of the villagers forbid? What is the subject of *circumscribed*, *confined*, *forbad*?

20. From what crimes were they saved? Explain each.

21. Show that *far* does not go with the word *stray*. Why is a comma necessary after *strife*?

22. Why is the crowd's strife *ignoble*? What is the usual form of *madding*?

23. Explain: *frail*, *uncouth*, *shapeless*, *deck'd*, *implores tribute*.

24 Explain: *unletter'd Muse*, *the place* .. *supply*, *the rustic moralist*. Who is *she*? What grammatical peculiarity do you notice in *teach*?

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires; 90
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn; 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

If chance, if it chance that, practically = *perchance*, *by chance*. Cf *haply*.

25. What is meant by being *to dumb forgetfulness a prey*? Who or what was a prey? What is *being*? Why is it called *pleasing anxious*?

26. Make a sentence illustrating the meaning of *precincts*.

27. Explain: *pious*. How does the modern meaning differ from its original meaning? In which sense is the word used here? Explain: *drops*

28. Who is meant by *thee*? Who is led by *contemplation*? Explain: *kindred spirit*.

29. Explain: *hoary-headed swain*. Why is *upland* added to *lawn*?

30. Explain: *fantastic*, *listless*, *pore*. How do we use *pore* now? What examples of *alliteration* and *onomatopœia* occur in this verse?

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
 Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

“ The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

dirge, mournful song from Lat Domine, *dirige nos*—guide us, O Lord.

31. Who or what was *smiling as in scorn*?

Explain: *rove*, *wan*, *crazed with care*, *crossed in love*.

32. Who was missed? Who missed him? For whom or what does *another* stand?

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain’d from Heaven, ’twas all he wish’d, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

a friend: Gray almost certainly refers to his dead school friend West.

33. What is the subject of *resis*? To what is the Earth compared? How did Science (Knowledge) treat the youth?

34. Explain: *bounty*. What was the bounty? Did the poet give it or receive it?

35. What was the recompense? Explain: *largely*.

36. What were the only merits of the poet disclosed in the epitaph?

37. Explain: *frailties, dread abode*.

Sonnet on the Death of Richard West

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine, 5
 A different object do these eyes require;
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men; 10
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain;
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more because I weep in vain.

THOMAS GRAY.

Written in 1742 on the death of Gray's old school friend "Favonius".

England

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
 My country! and while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed 5
 By dripping rains, or withered with a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers 10
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart 15
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
 How, in the name of soldiership and sense, 20
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
 And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,

By William Cowper (1731-1800), a writer of great simplicity and of deep religious feeling. His most famous poem is the amusing story of *John Gilpin*.

Ausonia, a poetical name for Italy.

1. What is the subject of *shall* (line 4)?
2. Explain: *clime be fickle, thy year deformed*.
3. Explain the metaphor of lines 11-13. Who is meant by *any thunderer there*?
4. Explain: *just disdain, effeminate*.
5. Explain: *essenced, as profligate as sweet, sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath*.

And love when they should fight—when such as these 25
 Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause?
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough
 In every clime, and travel where we might,
 That we were born her children; praise enough 30
 To fill the ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
 Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
 The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen 35
 Each in his field of glory; one in arms
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame!
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham still 40
 Consulting England's happiness at home
 Secured it by an unforgiving frown
 If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
 Put so much of his heart into the act,
 That his example had a magnet's force, 45
 And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
 Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!
 Or all that we have left is empty talk
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Chatham, William Pitt (the elder), prime minister in the reigns of George II and George III. *Wolfe*, the famous general who died at the taking of Quebec.

6 What incident in the Bible is alluded to in line 26?

7. Explain: *Time was* (line 28) What parts of speech are *travel* (line 29), *praise* (line 30)?

8 Explain: *still* (line 40). What did Chatham *secure*?

The Jackdaw

There is a bird who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be supposed a crow;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where bishop-like he finds a perch, 5
 And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
 That turns and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather;
 Look up—your brains begin to swim, 10
 'T is in the clouds—that pleases him,
 He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence securely sees 15
 The bustle and the raree-show
 That occupy mankind below,
 Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
 On future broken bones and bruises, 20
 If he should chance to fall.
 No; not a single thought like that
 Employs his philosophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout, 25
 The world with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
 Its customs and its businesses,
 Are no concerns at all of his,
 And says—what says he?—"Caw." 30

raree-show, a show carried about in a box.

1. Explain: *speculative*, *secure*, *pate*, *roundabout*, *motley rout*.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
 Much of the vanities of men;
 And sick of having seen 'em,
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign
 For such a pair of wings as thine, 35
 And such a head between 'em.

WILLIAM COWPER.

From Horace

The well-informed philosopher
 Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes in spite of pain;
 If Winter bellow from the North
 Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth, 5
 And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heav'n be overcast?
 The dark appearance will not last;
 Expect a brighter sky.
 The God, that strings the silver bow, 10
 Awakes sometimes the muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen; 15
 But O if Fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvas in.

WILLIAM COWPER.

An imitation of an ode of Horace (Book II, 10).

expect, await. *that strings the silver bow*, i.e. inflicts calamities.
magnanimity, lit. *greatness of mind*, here *courage*.

1. Explain: *awakes the muses, propitious, take half thy canvas in*.

The Fair Thief

Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow ;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn ;
Stole all the sweetness ether sheds 5
On primrose buds and violet beds.

Still to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles ;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath ;
And pilfered orient pearl for teeth ; 10
And cherry, dipped in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her Infant spoils, a store ;
And she in time still pilfered more ;
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' Queen 15
Her air and love-commanding mien ;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey ;
Her next, the beam that lights the day : 20
She sang ; amazed, the Sirens heard ;
And to assert their voice appeared :
She played ; the Muses, from their hill,
Wondered who thus had stole their skill.

Great Jove approved her crimes and art ; 25
And t' other day, she stole my heart.
If Lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert your vengeance on this Fair ;
To trial bring her stolen charms ;
And let her prison be my arms ! 30

CHARLES WYNDHAM, Earl of Egremont.

ether, the clear upper air. *Aurora*, the Dawn. *Cyprus' Queen*, Venus. *Pallas*, the goddess of wisdom (Minerva).

1. Explain *well could go*. What other meanings has *ether* in Modern English?

2. Explain *pilfered, orient, amazed the Sirens heard*.

3. What do you notice unusual about the use of *heard, stole*, in Verse 4? and *approved, Fair*, in Verse 5?

Work Without Hope

All nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—

And Winter, slumbering in the open air,

Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing, 5

Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,

Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.

Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,

For mæ ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away! 10

With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll:

And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?

Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,

And Hope without an object cannot live.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

By S. T. Coleridge (1772-1834), a friend of Wordsworth, and the author of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*.

amaranth (lit. unfading). Compare Milton's *Lycidas*, p. 46, line 82.
nectar, the drink of the gods, the honey of a flower.

1. Explain lines 3, 4.

2. Explain: *pair, ken, in a sieve*.

To a Mountain Daisy

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou 's met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem. 5

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie Lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee, 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi's spreckl'd breast, 10
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth 15
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield, 20
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, 25
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies. 30

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, 85
 And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink, 40
 Till, wretch'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate, 45
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS.

This poem, by R. Burns (1759-96), is written in the so-called Scotch dialect. It is important to remember that Lowland Scotch is really but a northern dialect of English.

maun, must. *stoure*, dust. *weet*, wet. *biel'd*, shelter. *hustie*, dry.

1. Give Modern English for. *thou's met*, neighbor, companion meet, 'mang the dewy weat, wi 's speckl'd breast, cauld, cheerfully, wa's maun shield, clod or stane, stibble-field, overwhelm him o'er.

2. Explain. *in an evil hour*, blythe, purpling East, rear'd, flaunting, random biel'd, thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, unassuming head, in humble guise, the share up-tears thy bed, simple Bard, luckless starr'd, note the card, prudent lore, suffering worth, wretch'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, thou who mourn'st, elate, the furrow's weight.

3. Write in a few lines the meaning of the poem.

The Happy Warrior

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought: 5
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright:
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
 But makes his moral being his prime care;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power 15
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate; 20
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and distress; 25
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

By William Wordsworth (1770–1850) Wordsworth is undoubtedly one of the greatest among English poets. His poetry expresses a deep love of nature, and is remarkable for the simplicity of its diction. This latter peculiarity occasionally betrayed the poet into absurdity. (See the clever parody of *Two Voices* on p. 110)

1. Explain. *generous, wrought, high endeavours, moral being, prime care, his necessity, dower, transmutes, bereaves, placable.*

2. Why is the Happy Warrior "diligent to learn"? How is he affected by the "miserable train"? Why more compassionate? Why placable? Why more tender?

—'T is he whose law is reason; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worst ill, 30
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows:
 —Who, if he rise to station of command, 35
 Rises by open means; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; 40
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state.
 Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all: 44
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
 Is happy as a Lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:

3 Explain: *are tempted still . . . ill* How is the soldier often tempted to act? How does the Happy Warrior act?

4 What does the poem say about promotion and honours? Explain *they in they must follow*.

5. How does the good soldier act at the critical moment? How in a sudden emergency?

—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes; 60
 Sweet images! which, whereso'er he be,
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high, 65
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won:
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last, 75
 From well to better, daily self surpast:
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name— 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be. 85

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

6. Explain: *endued, sense, faculty, master-bias, toward, that one, former worth stand fast, self-surpast, mortal mist.*

7. Write an essay on Wordsworth's estimate of a good soldier.

To the Skylark

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, 5
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain. 10
 Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood 15
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. Why is the skylark called a *minstrel*? Why *ethereal*?
2. Put in your own words the questions asked in Verse 1, explaining: *despise the earth, aspire, at will, composed, still*.
3. Explain: *last point of vision, love-prompted, bond*.
4. What was the "proud privilege" of the skylark?
5. Compare the privacy of the skylark with that of the nightingale.
6. Why was the instinct of the skylark "more divine"? Than what?

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee,
 And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest child of liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free; 5
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And when she took unto herself a mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she has seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay, — 10
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Venice, an independent State since the first century, was, like Genoa and Naples, a great power in the Middle Ages, and governed Crete, Cyprus, and parts of Greece. In 1797 the city was taken by Napoleon. *in fee*, absolutely. Cf. *fee simple*, the most absolute method of holding land. *espouse*. on Ascension Day the Doge of Venice dropped a ring into the sea to symbolize the wedding of Venice to the Sea.

1. Explain: *gorgeous East*, *safeguard of the West*, *worth . . . did not fall below her birth*, *tribute of regret*.
2. Explain the metaphor contained in lines 4-8.
3. Explain the meaning of the last two lines.

To a Distant Friend

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant, 5
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care—

The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
 For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
 Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine, 10
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
 Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

eglantine, sweet-briar.

1. To what is the friend's love compared? What made Wordsworth think it had died? What might have killed it?
2. Explain line 4 and lines 7, 8
3. Whose heart is referred to in line 9? How might it be left desolate?

Upon Westminster Bridge (1802)

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning: silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. In what respect does the subject of this poem differ from most of Wordsworth's nature poetry?
2. Explain: *Dull would he be, like a garment, open unto the fields, steep, that mighty heart.*

It is not to be thought of

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood",
 Roused though it be full often to a mood 5
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old: 10
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held — In every thing we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

with pomp of waters, unwithstood, a quotation from the *Civil War* of S. Daniel, a contemporary of Shakespeare.

1. Explain the metaphor of *the Flood of British freedom*. Explain: *a mood which spurns the check of salutary bands*.
2. What three recollections make us demand Freedom?
3. Explain: *have titles manifold*.

London, 1802

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore:

Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. What does Wordsworth mean by saying our life is "mean handy-work of craftsman, cook, or groom"?
2. Explain the simile of the brook. In what way is it unsatisfactory? Does Wordsworth think "we are unblest"?
3. Whom does Wordsworth consider to be "the best"?
4. What was the original meaning of *rapine*? What does Wordsworth mean by the word?
5. Explain: *this is idolatry, plain living, high thinking, fearful innocence, pure religion breathing household laws.*

When I have borne in Memory

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great nations; how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed
 I had, my country!—am I to be blamed? 5
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men; 10
 And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In this sonnet, published in 1807, Wordsworth recants what he said in the last poem, written a few years before Waterloo. It is of peculiar interest to Britons to-day.

1. Explain: *what has tamed great nations, men change swords for ledgers, desert the student's bower for gold, unfilial fears, bulwark, by my affection was beguiled, movements of his mind.*
2. What had Wordsworth feared? What had caused him to change his mind? How does he excuse himself?

Love and 'Age

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather, s
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together,
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong; 10
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly; 15
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere. 20
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another: 25
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row: 30
My joy in them was past expression;—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
 You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
 My earthly lot was far more homely; 35
 But I too had my festal days.
 No merrier eyes have ever glistened
 Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
 Than when my youngest child was christened,—
 But that was twenty years ago. 40

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
 And I am now a grandsire grey;
 One pet of four years old I've carried
 Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
 In our old fields of childish pleasure, 45
 Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
 She fills her basket's ample measure;—
 And that is not ten years ago.

But though love's first impassioned blindness
 Has passed away in colder light, 50
 I still have thought of you with kindness,
 And shall do, till our last good-night.
 The ever-rolling silent hours
 Will bring a time we shall not know,
 When our young days of gathering flowers 55
 Will be a hundred years ago.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866).

1. Explain: *blowing, garlands weaving.*
2. Explain: *roseate, power to show, as nearly.*
3. What is the difference between *circle, sphere?*
4. Who forsook first vows?
5. Explain: *repine, fair progression, Christmas row.*
6. Explain: *impassioned blindness.* What is the *colder light?*
7. Explain: *last good-night, a time we shall not know.*

The Coliseum and the Gladiator

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
 As 't were its natural torches, for divine 5
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven, 10
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power 15
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause, 20
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.
 And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws 25
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony, 30
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone, 35
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who
 won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay, 40
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday;
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire! 45

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the grey walls wear, 50
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot—'t is on their dust ye tread.

LORD BYRON.

By George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron (1788-1824), who did for Europe very much what Scott had done for the Borderland.

Dacian, the Germanic tribe to which the gladiator belonged. *Coliseum*, Vespasian's amphitheatre at Rome, the largest in the world. Also spelt *Colosseum*, and named after the Colossus, a gigantic statue of Apollo said to have stood astride the entrance of the harbour of Rhodes.

1. Explain: *as it were, trophies, would build, mine of contemplation.*
2. What is the subject of *floats*?
3. Explain: *Time hath bent, broke his scythe.* Who broke?
4. Explain lines 17, 18.
5. Explain: *genial laws, imperial pleasure, maws, listed.*
6. Explain: *conquers agony, ebbing, hail'd.*
7. Explain: *his eyes were with his heart, reck'd not, glut your ire.*
8. Why does the moon pause? Explain: *loops of time, garland-forest, raise the dead.* Explain the simile contained in this verse

The Ocean

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more, 5
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll! 10
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, 15
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise 20
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies 25
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

1. In what does Byron find society?
2. Explain: *steal*. From what does Byron steal?
3. Explain how *man marks the earth with ruin*.
4. Explain: *stops with the shore, save his own, unknell'd*.
5. Why is the comma inserted after *howling*? Explain: *petty hope*.
6. What grammatical error occurs in Verse 3.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals, 30
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar 35
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey 40
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,—
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. 45

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime— 50
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy 55
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
 I-wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me

7. Explain; *oak leviathans*, *clay creator*, *vain title*, *lord of thee*, *arbiter*, *yeast*, *mar* . . . *Trafalgar*. How is *Trafalgar* pronounced?

8. Explain: *Thy waters* . . . *since*. Whose decay has dried up realms? Explain the metaphor of the *wrinkle*.

9. Explain: *glasses itself*, *image of Eternity*, *the Invisible*, *each zone*, *wanton'd*.

Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear, 60
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

10. What metaphors are contained in *on thy breast*, and *thy mane*?
 11. What is there remarkable in the expression *pleasing fear*?

When I have Fears that I may cease to be

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
 When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, 5
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And feel that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
 That I shall never look upon thee more, 10
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

charact'ry, writing. *high romance*, the mystery of infinity. *hand of chance*, the hand of the poet guided by an unseen influence. *faery*, magical.

1. Explain. *cease to be*, *teeming*.
2. What is the *grain* referred to in line 4?
3. Who is the *fair creature of an hour*?
4. In what respect is the above sonnet Shakespearian in character?

A Jacobite's Epitaph

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

By Lord Macaulay, author of a *History of England*, *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and many essays. After James II's flight to France, in 1688, many of his supporters followed him into exile.

Lavernia, a grove near Rome containing a temple to the goddess of that name. *Scargill*, village in Yorkshire. *Arno*, river on which stands Florence.

1. Who was the "true king"? Explain: *true*.
2. Why was the faith *vain*?
3. What was the *one dear hope*? Explain *they*, line 4.
4. Explain the lines *Heard on Lavernia . . . Tees*. Which were in England, which in Italy?
5. Explain: *languished*, *manhood's prime*, *that proud country*, *those white cliffs*, *that dear language*, *feuds*, *English dust*.
6. Explain: *Epithet*, *Epitaph*.

To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert—
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

 In the golden light'ning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou doest float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight— 20

 Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

By Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), a dreamer, a visionary, and a poet of a very high order. He was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia at the age of thirty.

1. Explain: *pourest thy full heart, profuse, unpremeditated.*
2. With what word does the phrase *from the earth* go? Explain: *the blue deep, light'ning, unbodied, race.*
3. Explain: *silver sphere, intense lamp.* When do we hardly see it? Where has it been mentioned before?

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd. 30

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:— 35

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not: 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower. 45

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering, unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the
 view: 50

hidden in the light of thought, i.e. obscure, not understood. *aërial hue*, colour of the air, hence clear.

4. With what is heaven overflow'd?
5. How is the skylark compared to a rainbow?
6. Explain: *the world . . . heeded not, dell, unbeholden*.
7. What name is given to the two dots in *aërial*? What is their use? How many syllables are there in modern English in *aërial*, *aeroplane*?

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves : 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers—
 All that ever was
 Joyous and clear and fresh—thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chant
 Match'd with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains,
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain? 75
 With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be ;

deflower'd, deprived of grace and beauty. *vernal*, of the spring
hymeneal, of Hymen, the god of marriage.

8. In what respect was the rose *deflowered*. Who were the thieves?
 Why were they *heavy-winged*? Why were they faint?

9. What have *vernal showers* to do with the rest of the sentence?

10. Explain: *sprite*, *empty vaunt*, *happy strain*, *fountains*, *joyance*,
languor.

Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee;
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought. 90

Yet, if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know;
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now. 105

P. B. SHELLEY.

satiety, surfeit, a feeling of having too much. *fraught*, freighted, laden, filled. *harmonious madness*, a poet's ecstasy.

11. Explain: *deem*, *pine for what is not*, *measures*, *thy skill . . . were*, *the world should listen*.

12. Make a list of imperfect rhymes in the poem.

The Moon

Art thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,
 And ever changing, like a joyless eye 5
 That finds no object worth its constancy?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1. How does the moon climb heaven?
2. Why is she said to be *companionless*?
3. Explain the last line.

To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, wayworn traveller bore 5
 To his own native shore.

 On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece, 10
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

 Lo! in yon brilliant window niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which 15
 Are Holy Land.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

By Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49), the celebrated American poet.

Helen, the wife of Menelaus of Greece, who was carried off by Paris to Troy. *Nicæan*, belonging to Nicea, in Asia Minor. *Naiad*, a water-nymph. *Psyche*, a maiden beloved by Cupid. *agate*, a precious stone.

1. Why is Helen's beauty like the barks?
2. Who was long wont to roam?

The Light of Other Days

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me:
 The smiles, the tears 5
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken! 10
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all 15
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone 20
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus in the stilly night, 25
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

1. Explain. *slumber's chain*, so *link'd together*.
2. What grammatical difficulty occurs in the second verse?
3. What unusual word does Moore use in this poem? Why?

The Wold Wagon

The gre't wold wagon uncle had,
 When I wer' up a hardish lad,
 Did stand, a-screen'd vrom het an' wet,
 In zummer at the barken geate,
 Below the elem's spreadèn boughs 5
 A-rubb'd by all the pigs an' cows.
 An' I've a-clom his head an' zides,
 A-riggèn up and jumpèn down
 A playèn, or in happy rides
 Along the leâne or drough the groun'. 10
 An' many souls be in their greaves
 That rod' together on his reaves;
 An' he, an' all the hosses too,
 'V a-ben a-done vor years agoo.

 Upon his head an' tail were pinks, 15
 A-painted all in tangled links;
 His two long zides wer' blue,—his bed
 Bent slightly upward at the head;
 His reaves rose zwellèn in a bow
 Above the slow hind-wheels below. 20
 Vour hosses wer' a-kept to pull
 The gre't wold wagon when 't wer' vull.

 The black meare *Smiler*, strong enough
 To pull a house down by herzuf,
 So big, as took my biggest strides 25
 To straddle half-way down her zides;
 An' champèn *Vi'let*, sprack an' light,
 That foam'd an' pull'd wi' all her might;
 An' *Whitevoot*, leazy in the treäce,
 Wi' cunnèn looks an' snow-white feäce; 30

wold, old. *hardish*, sturdy. *het*, heat. *barken*, made of timber with its bark on. *a-clom*, climbed (orig. a strong verb) *a-riggèn*, climbing. *drough the groun'*, through (over the ground) *reaves*, side ledges. *'v a-ben a-done*, have been done for. *sprack*, brisk.

Bezides a bay woone, short-tail *Jack*,
That wer' a treage-hoss or a hack.

How many lwoads o' vuzz, to scald
The milk, thik wagon have a-haul'd'
An' wood vrom copse, an' poles vor rails, 35
An' bavens wi' their bushy tails;
An' loose-ear'd barley hangèn down
Outside the wheels a'most to groun'.
An' lwoads o' hay so sweet and dry,
A-builed straight, an' long, an' high, 40
An' hay-meakers a-zittèn roun'
The reaves, a-riden hwome vrom groun',
When Jim gièd Jenny's lips a smack,
An' jealous Dicky whipp'd his back;
An' maidens scream'd to veel the thumps 45
A-gièd by trenches an' by humps.
But he, an' all his hosses too,
'V a-ben a-done vor years agoo.

WILLIAM BARNES.

By William Barnes (1801-86), a Dorsetshire clergyman, who wrote many beautiful poems in the Dorset dialect, "the bold and broad Doric of England"

vuzz, furze. *bavens*, faggots. *a-gièd*, given. *trenches*, ruts.

Jenny's Ribbons

Jenny ax'd what ribbon she should wear
'Ithin her bonnet to the fear.
She had woone white, a gièd her when
She stood at Meary's chrissenèn;
She had woone brown; she had woone red, 5
A keepseake vrom her brother dead,
That she did like to wear, to goo
To zee his greave below the yew.

She had woone green, among her stock,
That I'd a-bought to match her frock; 10

She had woone blue to match her eyes,
 The colour o' the zummer skies,
 An' thik, though I do like the rest,
 Is he that I do like the best,
 Because she had en in her hear 15
 When vu'st I walked wi' her at fear.

"The brown," I zaid, "would do to deck
 Thy hear; the white would match thy neck;
 The red would meake thy red cheack wan
 A thinkèn o' the gi'er gone; 20
 The green would show thee to be true;
 But still I'd sooner zee the blue,
 Because 't was he that deck'd thy hear
 When vu'st I walked wi' thee at fear."

Zoo, when she had en on, I took 25
 Her han' 'ithin my elbow's crook,
 And off we went athirt the weir
 An' up the mead towards the fear;
 The while her mother, at the geate
 Call'd out an' bid her not stay leate, 30
 And she, a-smilin', wi' her bow
 O' blue, look'd roun' and nodded, *No*.

WILLIAM BARNES.

thik, this. *athirt*, athwart, across.

Eileen Aroon

When like the early rose, Eileen Aroon!
 Beauty in childhood blows, Eileen Aroon!
 When like a diadem,
 Buds blush around the stem
 Which is the fairest gem?—Eileen Aroon! 5

Is it the laughing eye, Eileen Aroon!
 Is it the timid sigh, Eileen Aroon!
 Is it the tender tone,
 Soft as the string'd harp's moan?
 O, it is truth alone—Eileen Aroon! 10

When like the rising day, Eileen Aroon!
 Love sends his early ray, Eileen Aroon!
 What makes his dawning glow,
 Changeless through joy or woe?
 Only the constant know—Eileen Aroon! 15

I know a valley fair, Eileen Aroon!
 I know a cottage there, Eileen Aroon!
 Far in the valley's shade
 I know a gentle maid,
 Flower of a hazel glade—Eileen Aroon! 20

Who in the song so sweet?—Eileen Aroon!
 Who in the dance so fleet?—Eileen Aroon!
 Dear were her charms to me,
 Dearer her laughter free,
 Dearer her constancy—Eileen Aroon! 25

Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon!
 What should her lover do?—Eileen Aroon!
 Fly with his broken chain,
 Far o'er the sounding main,
 Never to love again—Eileen Aroon! 30

Youth must with time decay, Eileen Aroon!
 Beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon!
 Castles are sack'd in war,
 Chieftains are scatter'd far,
 Truth is a fixed star—Eileen Aroon! 35

GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-40).

1. Explain: *blows, diadem, the constant, broken chain, sounding main.*
2. What is the metre of the above poem?

Circumstances

Two children in two neighbouring villages,
 Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
 Two strangers meeting at a festival;
 Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
 Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease; 5
 Two graves grass-green beside a grey church-tower,
 Washed with still rains and daisy blossomed;
 Two children in one hamlet born and bred,
 So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-92).

Marching Along

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong, 5
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles.
 Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup 10
 Till you're—
 Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well! 15
 England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
 Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls 20
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
 Hold by the right, you double your might;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
 March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song. 25

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-89).

The metre is dactylic, with the unaccented syllables occasionally omitted. The metre is most suitable for a marching song.

young Harry, Sir Henry Vane the younger *Rupert* of the Palatinate, nephew of Charles I. *carles*, another form of churls.

Explain: *crop-headed*, *swing*, *unable to stoop*, *prompts 'em their parles*, *his obsequies' knell*, *serve Hazelrig* . . . *us well*, *snarls*, *pricks on*, *hold by the right*.

Prospice

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore, 15
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Prospice, the title of the poem, is Latin, Look Forward. The poem was written by Browning shortly after the death of his wife. Like much of his poetry, the meaning is in places obscure.

the power of the night, &c., object of *nearing*, *the barriers fall*, admitting the combatants to the lists

1. What is there grammatically peculiar about *a battle's to fight*?
2. Explain: *guerdon*, *forbore*, *let me taste the whole of it*, *fare like my peers*, *life's arrears of pain*, *soul of my soul*.

Reinforcements

When little boys with merry noise
 In the meadows shout and run;
 And little girls, sweet woman buds,
 Brightly open in the sun;
 I may not of the world despair, 5
 Our God despaireth not, I see,
 For blithesomer in Eden's air
 These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born if Hope must die?
 Wherefore this health, if Truth should fail? 10
 And why such joy, if Misery
 Be conquering us and must prevail?
 Arouse! our spirit may not droop!
 These young ones fresh from Heaven are;
 Our God hath sent another troop 15
 And means to carry on the war

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH (1818-71).

1. Explain: *for blithesomer in Eden's air . . . could not be.*
2. Explain the title of the poem. Where is the idea repeated?

Some Future Day

Some future day when what is now is not,
 When all old faults and follies are forgot,
 And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
 We'll meet again upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love, 5
 As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
 When all but it has yielded to decay,
 We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
 The wider world, and learned what's now unknown, 10
 Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
 We'll meet again—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood and feelings born anew,
 Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
 Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play, 15
 And meet again on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
 In some far year, though distant yet to be,
 Shall we indeed, ye winds and waters say,
 Meet yet again upon some future day. 20

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

By Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-61), whose best-known poem is *Say not the Struggle naught availeth*.

1. Explain: *what is now is not*.
2. To what time does *will climb* refer in line 6? Parse *above*.
3. What is *it* (line 7)? Explain: *proved* (line 9)

The Night has a Thousand Eyes

The Night has a thousand eyes
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of a whole world dies
 With the setting sun.

The Mind has a thousand eyes 5
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON (b. 1852).

To my Grandmother

This relative of mine,
 Was she seventy and nine
 When she died?
 By the canvas may be seen
 How she looked at seventeen, 5
 As a Bride.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie;
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste; 10
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

With her bridal wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falbala, 15
If Romney's touch be true,
What a lucky dog were you
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move? 20
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say "Come!"

What funny fancy slips 25
From atween these cherry lips
Whisper me,
Fair sorceress in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee? 30

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this Lady, in my youth,
Her winters had forsooth 35
Done their worst.

Her locks as white as snow
Once shamed the swarthy crow;
By and by
That fowl's avenging sprite 40

Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine;
Well I wot 45
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit—
Would she not?

Ah, perishable play!
Her charms had dropp'd away 50
One by one;
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was "Thy
Will be done".

In travail as in tears, 55
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest. 60

O if you now are there,
And sweet as once you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
You'll all the better please 65
Grandpapa.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON (1821-95).

farthingale, a kind of crinoline. *falbala*, trimming, a furbelow
Romney, a famous artist. *canon*, a law of the church. *bombazine*,
fabric of silk and worsted. *fardel*, burden (Fr *fardeau*).

1. Explain: *reverie*, for an arm, *Romney's touch*, *atween*.
2. How had *winters* . . . *done their worst*?
3. Explain: *shamed the swarthy crew*, *his cruel foot*, *I wot*, *in travail*, *neither world*.

Shakespeare

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
 That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure, 10
 Didst walk on earth unguess'd at. Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
 Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By Matthew Arnold (1822-88), son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby School.

1. Explain: *abide our question, spares, foil'd searching, self-school'd, self-scann'd, find their sole voice.*
2. Explain carefully the comparison of *the loftiest hill*. What part of the hill is hidden by the clouds?
3. Explain the last three lines.

Morality

We cannot kindle when we will
 The fire which in the heart resides,
 The spirit bloweth and is still,
 In mystery our soul abides;
 But tasks in hours of insight will'd 5
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done. 10

Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control, 15
Thy struggling, task'd morality—
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek, 20
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

"There is no effort on *my* brow— 25
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and, when I will, I sleep!
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where? 30

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime!
I saw it in some other place!
'T was when the heavenly house I trod, 35
And lay upon the breast of God."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The poem speaks of the striving of the human heart after higher things. Nature once had similar aspirations, but lost them when the world was created.

task'd morality, rules of conduct, sorely tried.

1. Explain: *the spirit bloweth and is still, discern, bask, censure.*
2. Explain from Verse 5 how Nature differs from mankind.
3. Explain: *gauge of time, manacles of space.*

The Toys

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,— 5
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet 10
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach, 15
A box of counters, and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with blue bells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art, 20
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death, 25
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less 30
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou 'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
“ I will be sorry for their childishness.”

COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-96).

abraded, worn by friction, cf. abrasion.

1. Explain. *grown up wise*, *his mother*, *who was patient*, *being dead*; *Thy great commanded good*, *fatherly*.
2. Give in your own words the substance of the poem.

The Kiss

“I saw you take his kiss!” “’Tis true.”

“O modesty!” “’T was strictly kept:

He thought me asleep—at least I knew

He thought I thought he thought I slept ”

COVENTRY PATMORE.

1. Who was thought to be asleep—*he* or *she*?
2. Who gave the kiss?
3. Did one think the other was asleep?
4. How was *he* mistaken?

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,

Gone far away into the silent land;

When you can no more hold me by the hand,

Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day 5

You tell me of our future that you plann’d:

Only remember me; you understand

It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while,

And afterwards remember, do not grieve: 10

For if the darkness and corruption leave

A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile,

Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

By C. G. Rossetti (1830-94), the sister of Daniel Gabriel Rossetti. An engagement to be married was broken off on religious grounds, and much of her subsequent poetry is tinged with sadness.

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell 5
 That paddles in a halcyon sea;
 My heart is gladder than all these,
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes; 10
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes,
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys,
 Because the birthday of my life 15
 Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

halcyon, an allusion to an old myth, by which the sea is supposed to be unusually calm during the hatching period of the bird of that name, the kingfisher. *vair*, the fur of the squirrel. It was possibly of vair rather than glass (Fr. *verre*) that Cinderella's slippers were made.

1. Explain: *water'd shoot*, *dais*, *pomegranates*, *hundred eyes*, *fleurs-de-lys*.
2. With what word does *fleurs-de-lys* rhyme? What is the singular?

Aghadoe

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
 Where we met, my love and I, Love's fair planet in the
 sky,
 O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe, 5
 There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
 Where I hid from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies
 That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O, my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 On Shaun Dhu, my mother's son, in Aghadoe! 10
 When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be
 in your mouth,
 For the treachery you did in Aghadoe!

For they track'd me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 When the price was on his head in Aghadoe:
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him
 with food, 15
 Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
 With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
 There he lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of
 where 't would rest,
 Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe! 20

I walk'd to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe;
 Then I cover'd him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,
 Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O, to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe! 25
 There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
 Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
 Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

JOHN TODHUNTER (1839-1916).

1. In what country is Aghadoe? Who were the *red-coats*?
2. Whose was the *one black heart*? What treachery did he do?
3. Explain: *drouth, salt the flame be*.
4. Who lay in hiding?
5. What is the subject of the verb *gone*? What did my breast keep warm?
6. Scan the last line.

America

I

Men say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns.
 But in what tongue shall be thy battle-cry?
 Not that our sires did love in years gone by,
 When all the Pilgrim Fathers were little sons
 In merry homes of England? Back and see 5
 Thy satchell'd ancestor! Behold, he runs
 To mine, and clasp'd, they tread the equal lea
 To the same village school, where side by side
 They spell "Our Father". Hard by, the twin-pride 10
 Of that grey hall whose ancient oriel gleams
 Thro' yon baronial pines, with looks of light
 Our sister-mothers sit beneath one tree.
 Meanwhile our Shakespeare wanders past and dreams
 His Helena and Hermia. Shall we fight?

Helena and Herma, two characters in Midsummer Night's Dream.

1. Who or what are meant by *we*, *thy*, in line 1, and *that* in line 3?
2. Explain: *Pilgrim Fathers*, *satchell'd*, *clasp'd*, *twin-pride*, *oriel*.
3. With what word does the phrase *with looks of light* go?
4. Explain: *sister-mothers*, *dreams his Helena*.
5. Write in your own words the substance of the above sonnet.

II

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye
 Who north and south, on east or western land,
 Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
 Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
 For God; O ye who in eternal youth 5
 Speak with a living and creative flood
 This universal English, and do stand
 Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
 Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
 Far, yet unsever'd—children brave and free 10

Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
 Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

SYDNEY DOBELL (1824-74).

1. Who are meant by *us, ye*, in line 1?
2. Explain: *say truth for truth, with a creative flood, its breathing book, unsever'd, sublime.*
3. What was Milton's theme? Why is it *immemorial*?

To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers

Tiny slippers of green and gold,
 Tied with a mouldering golden cord!
 What pretty feet they must have been
 When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
 Somebody graceful and fair you were! 5
 Not many girls could dance in these!
 When did your shoemaker make you, dear,
 Such a nice pair of Egyptian "threes"?

Where were you measured? In Saïs or On,
 Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium? 10
 Fitting them neatly your brown toes upon,
 Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,
 I seem to see you!—so long ago,
 Twenty-one centuries, less or more!
 And here are your sandals: yet none of us know 15
 What name, or fortune, or face you bore.

Your lips have laugh'd, with a rosy scorn,
 If the merchant or slave-girl had mockingly said,
 "The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn,
 Two thousand years onward, Time's road shall tread,
 And still be foot-gear as good as new". 21
 To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitch'd,
 Should Rome and the Pharaohs outlive—and you
 Be gone, like a dream, from the world you bewitch'd.

1. Explain: *the feet will pass, the shoes Time's road shall tread.*

Not that we mourn you! 'T were too absurd! 25
You have been such a long while away!
Your dry spiced dust would not value one word
Of the soft regrets that my verse could say.
Sorrow and Pleasure, and Love and Hate,
If you ever felt them, have vaporized hence 30
To this odour—so subtle and delicate—
Of myrrh, and cassia, and frankincense.

Of course they embalm'd you! Yet not so sweet
Were aloe and nard, as the youthful glow
Which Amenti stole when the small dark feet 35
Wearied of treading our world below.
Look! it was flood-time in valley of Nile,
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!
When your slippers tripp'd lightly their latest mile.
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear. 40

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw
Antony's galleys from Actium come.
But there! if questions could answers draw
From lips so many a long age dumb,
I would not tease you with history, 45
Nor vex your heart for the men that were;
The one point to learn that would fascinate me
Is, where and what are you to-day, my dear!

You died believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris, and priestly lore; 50
And found, of course, such theories smash'd
By actual fact on the heavenly shore.
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—so I calculate— 55
Mislaid its mummy, and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,

Who still of this find in the Fayoum would speak,
 And to Pharaohs and scarabs still carry us back? 60
 A scent of lotus about her hung,
 And she had such a far-away wistful air,
 'As of somebody born when the Earth was young;
 And she wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married? These might have been
 Part of your *trousseau*—the wedding shoes; 66
 And you laid them aside with the garments green,
 And painted clay Gods which a bride would use;
 And, maybe, to-day, by Nile's bright waters
 Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue— 70
 Great-great-great—very great—grand-daughters
 Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I beat at the bars of the Past,
 Little green slippers with golden strings!
 For all you can tell is that leather will last 76
 When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
 Have vanish'd, forgotten—No, not quite that!
 I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
 When you finish'd with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
 And left your shoes at Death's bedroom door. 80

You were born in Egypt which did not doubt;
 You were never sad with our new-fashion'd sorrows;
 You were sure, when your play-days on Earth ran out,
 Of play-times to come, as we of our morrows!
 Oh, wise little maid of the Delta! I lay 85
 Your shoes in your mummy-chest back again,
 And wish that one game we might merrily play
 At "Hunt the Slippers"—to see it all plain.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Amenti, the nether world, the place of departed spirits. *Antony*, the Roman lover of Cleopatra, defeated by the Romans at the sea-fight of Actium, on the west coast of Greece, 31 B.C. *Horus*, *Pasht*, *Isis*, *Osiris*, Egyptian deities. *Ptolemy*, a race of Egyptian kings. *Fayoum*, province W. of Nile, S.W. of Cairo. *scarab*, a beetle.

2. Explain: *your dry spiced dust, have vaporized*.
3. Explain: *Life's daily pit-a-pat*.

Recessional

- God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget! 5
- The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart. 10
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!
- Far-call'd our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!
- If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe— 20
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!
- For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! 30

RUDYARD KIPLING (b. 1865).

Nineveh, the ancient capital of Assyria. *Tyre*, the chief port of the Phœnician Empire. *shard* (cf. *pot-sherd*), fragment of earthen vessel.

1. Explain. *awful Hand, dominion over palm and pine.*
2. What is God's *ancient sacrifice*? Why does Kipling write *an humble*? What is the modern usage?
3. Explain. *sinks the fire, is one with Nneveh.*
4. What is generally meant by *Gentile*? What is meant here? Explain *breeds without the Law*
- 5 Explain. *reeking tube, iron shard, valiant dust that builds on dust*
6. Explain the title of the poem.

On a Fair Woman

In this green chest is laid away
 The fairest frock she ever wore;
 It clothed her both by night and day,
 And none shall wear it evermore.
 FRANCIS BURDETT MONEY COUTTS (b. 1852).

My Study

Let others strive for wealth or praise
 Who care to win;
 I count myself full blest, if He,
 Who made my study fair to see,
 Grant me but length of quiet days 5
 To muse therein.

Its walls, with peach and cherry clad,
 From yonder wold
 Unbosomed, seem as if thereon
 September sunbeams ever shone; 10
 They make the air look warm and glad
 When winds are cold.

Around its door a clematis
 Her arms doth tie;
 Through leafy lattices I view 15
 Its endless corridors of blue
 Curtained with clouds; its ceiling is
 The marbled sky.

wold, an open tract of hill-country.

A verdant carpet smoothly laid
Doth oft invite 20
My silent steps; thereon the sun
With silver thread of dew hath spun
Devices rare—the warp of shade,
The weft of light.

Here dwell my chosen books, whose leaves 25
With healing breath
The ache of discontent assuage,
And speak from each illumined page
The patience that my soul reprieves
From inward death. 30

Some perish with a season's wind,
And some endure;
One robes itself in snow, and one
In raiment of the rising sun
Bordered with gold; in all I find 35
God's signature.

As on my grassy couch I lie,
From hedge and tree
Musicians pipe; or if the heat
Subdue the birds, one crooneth sweet 40
Whose labour is a lullaby—
The slumbrous bee.

The sun my work doth overlook
With searching light;
The serious moon, the flickering star 45
My midnight lamp and candle are;
A soul unhardened is the book
Wherein I write.

There labouring, my heart is eased
Of every care; 50
Yet often wonderstruck I stand,
With earnest gaze but idle hand,
Abashed—for God himself is pleased
To labour there.

Ashamed my faultful task to spell, 55
 I watch how grows
 The Master's perfect colour-scheme
 Of sunset, or His simpler dream
 Of moonlight, or that miracle
 We name a rose. 60

There, in the lap of pure content,
 I still would keep
 The Sabbath of a soul at rest;
 Nor could I wish a close more blest
 Than there, when life's bright day is spent, 65
 To fall asleep. ALFRED HAYES.

By Alfred Hayes (born 1857) the Birmingham poet.

1. What is the poet's study?
2. Explain: *from yonder world unbosomed*.
3. Which syllable of *clematis* has the chief stress? What are the corridors of blue? Why is the sky marbled?
4. Explain: *verdant carpet, silver thread of dew, warp, weft*
5. What are the books in the study? What words keep up the metaphor? Explain: *assuage*. Give subjects and objects of *assuage*, *speak*. What *reprieves*? *Reprieves* what?
6. What *perish*? Explain: *robes itself in snow, bordered with gold, God's signature*
7. Who are the *musicians*? Explain: *crooneth*
8. What two meanings has the word *overlook*?
9. Explain: *ashamed my faultful task to spell*. Why is the moonlight a simpler dream?
10. Explain: *keep the Sabbath*.

In After Days

In after days when grasses high
 O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honour'd dust,
 I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky ;
 I shall not hear the night-wind sigh,
 I shall be mute, as all men must,
 In after days !

But yet, now living, fain would I 10
 That someone then should testify,
 Saying, " He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust."
 Will none? Then let my memory die
 In after days ! 15

AUSTIN DOBSON (b. 1840).

If I Should Die

" If I should die, think only this of me :
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, 5
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

RUPERT BROOKE.

This beautiful sonnet was written by a young English poet of great promise, who died abroad at the beginning of the Great War.

1. What is the *corner that is for ever England*?
2. Explain: *washed by the rivers*.
3. What had England given the poet? How did he repay her?

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